M. H. S.

ANNUAL

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1908
Sherman Room
Local History

'08

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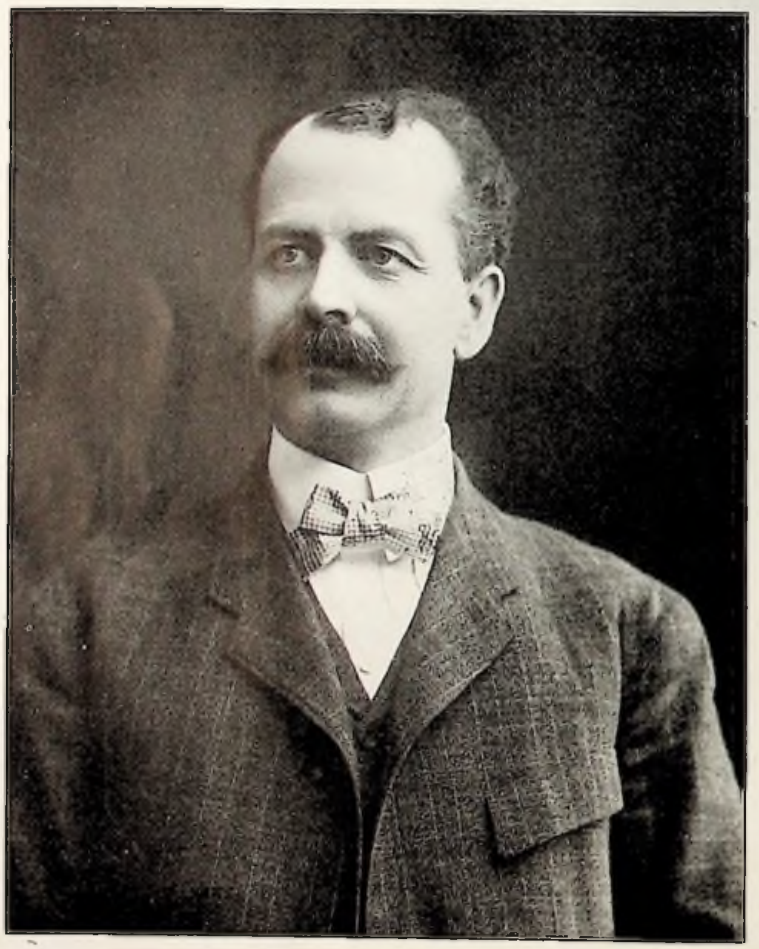
Volume I.

M 17

THE ANNUAL

1908

PUBLISHED BY THE
SENIOR CLASS OF THE MANSFIELD HIGH SCHOOL,
MANSFIELD, OHIO.



SUPERINTENDENT H. H. HELTER.

To one, who, by his unwearied efforts on our behalf and his daily example of a staunch character, has won our respect and esteem, we dedicate our book.

HENRY H. HELTER,

Our Superintendent and
our friend.

*1183

OUR SUPERINTENDENT.

Mr. H. H. Helter, the new superintendent of the Mansfield Public Schools, was reared on a farm near Gnadenhutten, Ohio. He received his early training in the rural schools and later attended the Public Schools of Gnadenhutten. He taught in the rural schools for four years, and in 1885, entered the Preparatory Department of Ohio Wesleyan University, graduating from the institution with the degree of A. B. in 1891.

The same year, he entered upon his duties as superintendent of the Gnadenhutten Public Schools, which position he held until 1893 when he became principal of the Troy High School. In 1899, he was made superintendent of the Wapakoneta Public Schools, and after eight years of very efficient service, was elected to the position of superintendent of the Mansfield Public Schools.

Mr. Helter is well known throughout the state as a school man of enthusiasm and ability, which is attested by the positions of prominence he has held.

He has served as Secretary of the Ohio Teachers' Association, and was county examiner of Auglaise County for six years. At present, he is a member of the State Board of School Examiners and also of the Legislative committee of the Ohio Teachers' Association.

Mansfield High School extends him a welcome hand and most earnestly wishes him a continuation of his past success.

Through a loyal and unswerving devotion to the standards and ideals of the Mansfield High School, we shall attain that knowledge, discipline, culture, refinement and breadth of view which will enable us to render our greatest service to humanity.

We believe in the Mansfield High School; in its class and school spirit, its high standards, its lofty ideals, its professional and inspiring teachers.

A price is set on success in school,
It is indeed a simple rule;
No royal road for high or low,
You must labor and suffer if you would
forward go.

H. H. HELTER, Supt.

BEFORE.

We're going to print a paper!
'Twill be a grand one too!
We'll show the rest of the classes
What "nineteen-eight" can do.
For we're the staff appointed
By the Mansfield High School crew.

We'll use no copied sketches,
Our stories will be of the best;
The poems must be original;
For parodies we detest.
Our jokes will all be funny.
Now, really, we don't jest.

For we'll come out victorious
And at the close of this year
We'll have found the work to be but fun,
And so we've naught to fear.

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EDITORIALS.

It was with deep regret that we heard last spring of Mr. C. L. Van Cleve's resignation as Superintendent of the Mansfield Public Schools and his acceptance of a similar position at Toledo, Ohio. He was honored and esteemed by everyone and we all are confident that he will be of great service in this wider field of work.

To Mr. H. H. Helter we extend a welcoming hand. He has in all ways proved himself a man of the highest morals and sound judgment. He is doing all possible for the advancement of the School in every line of work and by so doing is winning the admiration of all.

Considerable change was made last fall in the corps of teachers.

Mr. C. D. Carpenter is now teaching physics and chemistry in the High School at Newark, Ohio, He has been in Mansfield several times this year and has been most heartily welcomed. Mr. Agler has accepted Mr. Carpenter's position here.

Mr. A. K. Allen is enjoying life in Seattle, Washington, and at the same time is keeping up his record as an excellent teacher. Mr. Miller has taken his place in the department of mathematics.

Miss Bessie Custer is also enjoying western life—but in San Luis, Colorado. Miss Custer was married to Mr. Paul B. Albright on Mar. 11, 1908, at the First M. E. Church. The Sophomore and Junior classes were delighted to receive invitations to her wedding. Mr. Blankenhorn has taken her position.

Miss Mary Soyez is teaching Latin and Greek, in Evanston, Ill. She tells us that her work there is very pleasant and that the standards of the school are exceedingly high. Miss Anna E. Miller of this city was chosen as teacher of Latin and Greek in her place.

Because of the increased number of Freshmen it was necessary to have another teacher in Algebra. Miss Mabel M. Carson from Glenwood, Minnesota, was chosen for this work.

THE ANNUAL

The pupils of the High School gave an oratorio, "The Prodigal Son," on April 15, 1908, at the Congregational Church. Under the able direction of Professor Bellingham, with some local aid, this proved to be a grand success.

As will be noticed, the Freshmen and Sophomore classes have not organized this year. This course was thought to be advisable as very little is ever accomplished by these organizations.

Other classes have boasted of their numbers and their class spirit. We, the the class of '08, have something more than this of which to boast. We do not have as many members as some classes before us, but we have ability and pluck as is most clearly shown by our work. We hope that after we have left the High School it cannot be said of one member of '08 that he has received his diploma undeservedly.

Commencement this year will be held on June 5. The twelve of the class chosen as speakers are; Charles Sheriff, Jack Jenner, Will Finney, Roy Spetka, Frank Fox, Marie Bowers, Marguerite Bange, Margaret Lindsey, Maude Walker, Marie Marwick, Hazel Plummer and Martha Payne.

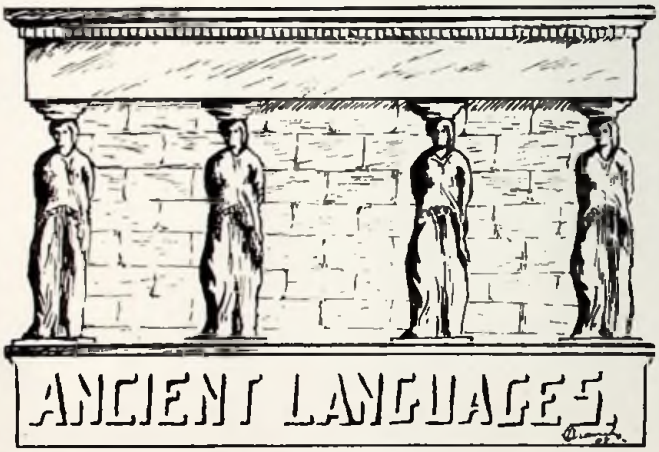
In this, the first appearance of the Annual, we have endeavored to give all our readers a better knowledge of our school and the work acoomplished by it, and to arouse enthusiasm in the hearts of all for a higher and broader education.

We have given an idea of the artistic ability by many cuts. In the stories and poems we are confident you will find certain evidence of literary talent. Neither have athletics been totally neglected. We have excellent basket ball and base ball teams, showing that there is still much spirit in the school. It is also a credit to M. H. S. to realize the great number of its members who are musicians.

The Commercial Department, we think, deserves special attention and praise. Had it not been for the help of three of its students who so willingly have typewritten all our manuscripts, we assure you this paper would not have been published so quickly.

Now we, the staff of '08, wish to express our hearty appreciation and thanks to all the teachers, pupils and advertisers who have helped to make this Annual a success.

If we have not attained the standard for which you had hoped, do not censure us too severely; remember that we are only human. We do not profess to be skilled writers but we have done our best. If, however, we have accomplished our aim and you are pleased with this Annual, do not fail to give us our due credit.


ANCIENT LANGUAGES

AMONG THE BEAUTIFUL PICTURES.

Among the beautiful pictures
That hang on memory's wall,
Is one of the dear old boardroom
That seemeth the best of all.
Not for its air of comfort,
Which invited the staff to meet,
Not for the large front window,
Which gave us a view of the street.

The studyroom may be better,
The library'll do for some;
But give me the dear old boardroom,
There's where you have the fun.
Not for its ingrain carpets
Nor its fancy cushioned chairs, (?)
Not because its the place to go
To be rid of high school cares.

But 'twas there we worked on the paper
Which we now present to you,
Hoping you'll receive it kindly,
And read its contents too.
And now of all the pictures
That hang on memory's wall
What wonder the dear old boardroom
Seemeth the best of all.



PROF. H. E. HALL.

PROF. H. E. HALL.

How shall we attempt to describe him who is, one might say, "An axiom; a self-evident truth,"who is no mythological hero of ancient time who is to be endowed with bravery and all good graces for the benefit of worshiping students, but an everyday solid fact. Here is no opportunity for flowery description, nor anything but the truth, because, "after the deluge," and no matter on which side we might end—whether of too fulsome praise or too real a chronicle of facts—we should surely be "called on the carpet" the next day, and receive our blessing or the opposite.

The subject of our sketch, being by reason of his position, an example for the future citizens of our commonwealth, must be above reproach, a tiresome attitude for mere man—made endurable by the fact that it must be maintained for only three fourths of the year. During the blessed summer months he may relax, go fishing, say a bad word if the fish don't bite, and his pleasure is overshadowed only by the thought of the approach of September. Talk about the Ides of March! It was nothing compared with the first of September in the mind of him who must again become an example.

In school we see him thus: He has a round jovial face, with his eyes hidden behind great spectacles. When those spectacled eyes turn on you, they sometimes bring a laugh and other times a chill, but as Mr. Hall's weakness is laughing the chills don't come very often.

His manner is that of one who is interested in everybody. He can listen to a joke, and enjoy it greatly, and the next minute listen attentively to a string of woes dry enough to put him to sleep. By experience pupils have found out that they should never tell Mr. Hall their woes until they have first "privately seen the teacher."

Mr. Hall's cordial greeting whenever and wherever you see him makes you feel good.

What would we do in the morning if we didn't see him walking about the halls speaking to everybody, and in the meanwhile adjusting his spectacles and then thoughtfully rubbing the side of his head as if it ached.



Miss Helen T. Simpson—English Literature and two years of French.

Miss Kate S. Moore is teacher of Freshmen and Sophomore Algebra and Sophomore Geometry.

Miss Lucy Stine instructs the Sophomores in Medieval and Modern History, the Juniors in English and United States History, and English Literature, and both Juniors and Seniors in Civics.

Miss Anna E. Miller has charge of the Junior and Senior classes in Latin and Greek, and conducts a Senior class in Astronomy and a Sophomore class in Roman History.

Miss Emily M. Abbott teaches Freshman Rhetoric and Classics and also has charge of the Freshman Rhetoricals.



Mr. Charles M. Agler is instructor in the Department of Physics and Chemistry. Well selected Laboratory experiments supplement the text.

Mr. J. M. Holmes is principal of the Commercial Department. He teaches Arithmetic, Commercial Geography, Commercial Law, Shorthand, Typewriting and Bookkeeping.

Mr. Miller is instructor in second year Algebra, Plane and Solid Geometry, Advanced Algebra and Trigonometry.

Mr. Blankenhorn is teacher of A, B and C Commercial English, D Rhetoric and Classics, and C General History and Classics.

Mr. Albert Bellingham is musical director.



Miss Margaret Feldner and Miss Bertha Ruess have charge of the German Department. There are two courses offered, a three years' course and a four years' course.

Miss Matilda Snyder has charge of Study Room No. 1 and the Library.

Mrs. Jennie C. Downend is instructor in Drawing.

Miss Jessie McIlvaine is Supt. Helter's assistant in his office.



Miss Mabel M. Carson teaches some Freshman and Sophomore classes in Algebra, and some Sophomores in beginning Geometry.

Miss Ilena M. Swain has charge of the A, B, and C Literary Societies, and all General Rhetoricals.

Miss Helen T. Brown teaches beginning Latin and also Caesar classes.

Miss Dorothy Waugh is both a study-room teacher and Prof. Halls' assistant.



Miss Mary Aberle is teacher of Elementary Science and Ancient History.

SPRING FEVER.

R. McD.

A Spring Fever Microbe went by one day,
And flew in the school-house, just over the way;
Study-room One was first in the row,
For the study-room's windows were open, you know.

The bold little germ nearly fell in his track;
At the number of pupils, he was taken aback—
And quick through the window, he made his retreat,
To his waiting family, out in the street.

The whole microbe family quickly went in,
And looked with glee at what could be seen.
"I'll fix No. 1," the old microbe said,
"And you do what you can to the rooms overhead."

And that afternoon things seem far from right,
Though the sun shone in through the windows, bright;
The scholars yawned and one or two slept—
For into this school, Spring Fever had crept.

The teachers at first didn't seem to care;
But after awhile, they began to despair.
For how could they hope the best order to keep,
When right in their midst, the pupils would sleep.

And then Mr. Hall took the matter in hand,
And came into the rooms with a manner not bland:
He pounded and scolded around one whole day,
And did his disgust and annoyance display.

The pupils awoke from their sleep with a jerk;
The bold little germs looked indignant and hurt.
So they all assembled without delay,
And out of the building went sadly away.



SENIOR OFFICERS.

PRESIDENT	JACK JENNER
VICE PRESIDENT	CLARE McELHINNEY
SECRETARY	DELTA MITCHELL
TREASURER	VANCE JUDSON
SERGEANT-AT-ARMS	HARRY LYNCH

MOTTO:—Possunt quia posse videntur.

COLORS:—Light Blue and Gold.



SENIOR CLASS.

THE GRADUATING CLASS OF 1908.

George Balliet—A youth jolly and witty.

Marguerite Bange—The fairest garden in her looks
And in her mind the wisest books.

Lloyd Barr—Full of strange ideas.

Katherine Baxter—And she was tired of books.

Lee Baxter—A learned fellow.

Nina Bell—She was never known to frown.

Marie Bowers—Opinions had she, none could change.

Carson Branch—A great mechanic, he.

Earl Bushnell—His music hath charms to move the savage breast.

Mary Bushnell—A gentle presence.

Leona Calvert—Patience is her chief virtue.

Beatrice Charles—What smiles!

Mildred Clark—Whose voice all ears took captive.

Forest Cleland—He seemeth busier than he is.

Una Crum—This was one that lived to labor and study and plan.

Lenore Cunningham—Her ready blush is charming to behold.

Marie Endly—She the sweetest of all singers.

Ruth Finfrock—Dignified in manner, fair in face.

Will Finney—A jolly good fellow.

Frank Fox—He would make excuses plausible.

Earl Frankeberger—A powerful voice hath he.

Ruth Harris—An open face with heart as true.

Carrie Herring—She hath a pleasant smile for everyone.

Willard Hess—Please go away and let me sleep.

Jack Jenner—To be learned is to be wise.

Martin Jelliff—An Athlete bold.

Louise Jones—She doeth little kindnesses
That most leave undone, or despise.

Vance Judson—How he could lead the rooters!

Josephine Kalmerten—Kindliness is her chief virtue.

Vernon Kern—Here to-day—gone to-morrow.

Fred Langdon—He hath many friends among the girls.

Leeta Lawrence—A business lady.

Ethel Lehman—Her eyes are raven black.

Josephine Lemon—A merry heart that laughs at care.

Howard Leppo—His calling was to toss the ball.

Margaret Lindsey—She hath a twinkle in her eye.

Wilbur Lindsey—Business makes the man.

Clara Long—With curls so gay.

Edna Maglott—The glass of fashion.

Marie Marwick—She is full of fact and eloquence.

Irene Massa—She never said a foolish word.

Mable McCurdy—In all things wise.

Clare McElHinney—Tall and dark and good to look upon.

Jennie McFarland—Well could she write a grind.

Edith Meily—Slenderly fashioned.

Kathleen Mendenhall—Always talking, talking, talking.

Delta Mitchell — She's pretty to walk with
And witty to talk with.

Katherine Murphy— How She would giggle!

Mary Murphy—From her great height she looked down upon us.

Milo Patterson—Seldom is such quietness found.

Martha Payne—Seraphic intellect and force.

Hazel Plummer—No one did write she knew not of.

Marie Pickering—Full well she sang.

Pearl Remy—She is a winsome, wee thing.

Dorothy Reichart—Sie kann Deutch sprechen.

Nellie Rupert—She has a still small voice.

Charles Sheriff—A little lad, but wonderous wise.

Bertha Schill—Small of stature.

Dorothy Shonfield—She is both gay and witty.

Florence Shires—She hath a good word for everybody.

Irene Smith—There was a sound as of singing.

Roy Spetka—Rich in saving common sense.

Virginia Stark—Gentle in manner, resolute in deed.

Edwin Stevens—Of delicate mood and temper, he.

Margaret Sturges—A springy motion in her gait.

Earl Terman—A generous chap.

Hazel Umbarger—Well could she draw, with pencil and pen.

Anna Voegele—She is a pleasant maid.

Russell Vose—He was a "Mary" youth.

Glenna Wickert—She liked to tease.

Maude Walker—Her mind to her a kingdom is.

Marie Waring—A seeker after knowledge.

Frieda Wolf—Quiet and Demure.

HISTORY OF THE CLASS OF 1908.

It was with a hurried beating of our hearts that we, as a class, first entered the "train" which was to carry us on our journey for the next four years. The damp, foggy morning is well remembered, and we now know that is true that a poor beginning makes a good ending.

When, at a tap of the bell, and with Prof. Hall as engineer, the train started, we were, to be sure, rather frightened, but we were confident that the motion would soon be familiar. There was a great preliminary pulling and running to and fro before the different coaches were safely attached and we were well started.

The train, of course was M. H. S. and the coaches the different rooms. As our class was so very large, we filled several, and needless to say were very proud of the fact.

We were even proud to be known as Freshmen, although it did bring down upon our heads many taunts, and much ridicule, for it showed to all who wished to know, that we had attained a position of some importance in the world.

During the first year, life passed smoothly; our class was organized with Bennet Cooke as our first president. Soon, however, came field-day and the first long stop—vacation.

As Sophomores we again pursued our journey, this time in coaches which showed our more advanced station in life. Although we steadily increased in wisdom, it was not until our Junior year that we were looked upon as being of some account. The reception given in honor of the Seniors marked this year in our memory and it need only to be said that we upheld the honor of the school.

Last September we again resumed our places, having our special car with Miss Aberle as our conductor, now well known and respected, for we are Seniors. Although many of our members have been forced to leave school, yet we are still a large body of students, and each day we are becoming better acquainted with each other. Our class has been singularly fortunate, as we have had no vacant chairs, caused by a visit of the Reaper.

This, our year of hardest work, is also about the most pleasant of all, for we are more fully awake to the benefits which may be obtained from our school. Many are preparing for college, while others do not yet know what the future has in store for them.

All too soon we must graduate and enter upon new duties and occupations. Truly, our past work and play have been but the preparation for the part of our life which is so soon to commence.

With great pleasure we will look back upon our schooldays as we remember the joys and even the harder things which came to us in M. H. S.; for our school days are some of the happiest of our lives.

HAZEL UMBARGER.

SENIOR POEM.

Backward, O Senior, turn back in thy flight,
Come, be a Freshman, now, just for tonight;
Senior, a look of shy modesty feign,
Rest thy weak eyes and thy work-wearied brain,
Smooth from thy forehead those dignified airs;
Remember when Freshmen you've fallen downstairs;
To me give attention, nay, not for long,
List to my song, Senior, list to my song.

To the tenth of September, 19 and 4,
Let thy thoughts wander, dear Senior, once more,
'Twas then we first entered the Mansfiield High School,
We loved our dear teachers; obeyed every rule,
Came to school daily at ten after eight,
If we were tardy, ah, sad was our fate;
For Seniors might taunt us; and that we did hate.
"You'll not be late, Freshie, you'll not be late."

But bursting forth from our verdure so green,
We were ranked as Soph'mores, the proudest e'er seen.
We held our heads high as we walked thro' the hall,
And mocked at the Seniors, so stately and tall.
We were tardy each morning, but why should we care?
For Freshmen at us in wonder would stare;
At the close of the year we had cause to bewail,
Why did you fail, Soph'more, why did you fail?

Tired of the hollow, the base, the untrue,
We determined as Juniors to start life anew,
Full many a trial we calmly endured,
For to us now great fame was assured.
So at our studies we labored long,
Determined to make a foundation strong.
As we heard these words, how our hearts did swell,
"You did very well, Juniors, you did very well."

Now we've grown weary of toil and tears,
Our hopes have all vanished, as well as our fears;
We take life so easy and strut thro' the hall;
We're Seniors, 'tis true, exalted by all.
And 'tis not uncommon, quite early each morn
To hear from a Senior, at first peep of dawn
These words, with a sigh so long and so deep:
"Please let me sleep, mother, please let me sleep."

Senior, dear Senior, those years have soon passed,
Out on life's voyage we soon will be cast;
Sometimes, with yearning and sorrow unfeigned,
We'll visit the scenes of our school life again;
Look back in the future and then it shall seem
These four short years have been only a dream,
And a happy one, too, that will ever endure,
For "Possunt quia posse viventur."

SAINTS AND SINNERS

OR

YE WISE AND YE OTHERWISE—L. A. B., '08

A Naught-Eightrality or Modern Myrakle Playe. Given in Continuous Performance—Sept. 9. 1907 to June 12, 1908. Bye a Selekted Number of Ye Aforesaid.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

Ye Ancient and Decrepit Father Tyme . . . . . Mr. Branch
Ye Reverende and Venerated St. Peter . . . . . Mr. Sheriff
His Satannic Majesty, Ye Devylle . . . . . Mr. Balliet
Ye Verdant and Bashful Freshman . . . . . Mr. Jarrett
Ye Turgid and Boysterous Sophomore . . . . . Mr. Silcott
Ye Turbulent and Refractory Junior . . . . . Mr. Oberlin
Ye Noble and Hygh-mynded Senior . . . . . Mr. Judson

Management of Messrs. Helter, Hall & Co.

YE PLOTTE.

(N. B.—Ye Myrakle Playe herewith described is ye Heavyn-directed inspiration aroused bye ye strange and incomprehensible lethargic state of minde of manye of ye M. H. S. students.)

SENIORS AND CHILDREN:—Lette it bee knowne unto thee that ye initiatory scene in ye Myrakle Playe, shall and does consist of ye introductory speeche by Father Tyme; ye said speech to have as subject ye disclosure of certain of ye heretofore unknown fakts concerning ye mysterie of ye plotte. Wherefore doth Father Tymme promulgate ye following selection of unekselled oratorie:

"I pray thee, lords and ladies, ekshibit no disdeyn,
I bow befour you humbly, some wonders to expleyn
Four I am Father Tyme, renownedde far and neare,
So gather close arounde mee, the better four to heare,
Whyle I continue two keepe payce
With ye playe that's taking place.

"Along Lyfe's Stream the High School shippe I steere,
Watching ye shyfting crewes fromme yeare to yeare.
Each falle a horde of Freshmenne see I heare.
Some fewe of these, as Sophomores, wiser waxe
Through ye serried rankes of Juniors, shiftlesse and laxe,
Until ye Senior comes, ye worthyest climaxe."

"But never hath ye standard beene so lowe;
Ne'er seen I classes that did vexe me soe,
But nowe, theye must in turne appeyre
In paine, in tremblinge and in feyre.
Here shall St. Peter judge them and desyde upon ye fayte.
Who swelles ye Devylle's harveste; who enters Heaven's gayte?"

Heare commenceth ye Myrakle Play proper.

(SCENE—Ye scene vividly portrayeth ye entrance to ye Celestial Kingdome on ye one syde and ye Inferno at ye other syde. Ye reverend and venerated St. Peter, apparyled in ye spotlesse white robe above which appeareth ye large expanse of ye snow-white wingges; with ye great keye at ye gyrdle and with ye Heavynlie ledger under ye arme, appeareth at ye Heavynlie Portals in ye performance of ye duties as portere. Frome behind him issueth fourth ye sublyme musik of ye *C. S. O., chantyng "Ye Whollie Citie." On ye opposite syde his crimson-garbed Sattannic Majesty presideth over ye yawnyng entrance of Hades, whence ariseth gaseous vapeurs havyng an odor like unto sulphur.)

Ye scene doth opyn in a pleasant confabulashun betweene St. Peter and ye Devylle. Next entereth ye verdant Freshman in feyre and tremblyng and whom St. Peter apostrofizeth as followes;

"Behold ye, one and alle, this thing fashioned in ye form of man," in which he laith emphassisse upon ye extreme youth and verdancie of ye Freshmen, who then proceedeth to enumerate what doings he hath participated in; and which he foolishly but confidentlie thinks may suffice to gain for him admission to ye aforesaid and abovementioned Celestial Portals. Finally St Peter doth waxe soe angrie that his righteous wrath overcometh him, as portraid in the followyng lynes:

"Full many a yeare for thee I've soughte,
Only to fynde that, by ye stars;
Thou hast a lengthie traine of thought;
Mayde up, alas, of emptie cars."

Then rendereth St. Peter ye decision thuslie:

"To ye Land of Shaydes get thee hence,
To await ye tyme when Pluto relynts
And freeth thee from Cerberus' fang.
Where doth tyme so heavie hang."

*C. S. O.—Cherubic Smyphonie Orchestra.

At this poynte in ye playe, ye Devylle seizeth ye now repentant youth and flingeth him ("it"—to be exact) into ye seething depths of Hades, from whence cometh ye fearsome noises as of hissinge steme. Soone ye Freshman slowlie drayeth ye bodie up out of ye Infernal Abysse, followed by ye execrations of ye dissapointed Devylle and chantyng ye truthfulle and self-explanatory verse:

"Oh woe is me if I shoulde telle
Of the wonderful things in - - - - there.
You sente me down there, a few things for to learn:
They sente me back, saying 'You're too greene to burn.'"

Then appeareth ye slothful, sacrilegious, sanctimonious Sophomore upon ye scene and he fareth like upto ye emerald Freshman, exceptyng that he returneth notte, although there ariseth much sounde as of seething and of hissyng as before. Neither can ye refractory Junior appease ye risyng wrath of ye aforesaid St. Peter who is aroused to extreme indignation whene ye Junior is forced to make ye damnying admissione thate as yete no preparations have beene made to banquette ye nobell Senior. At thys juncture St. Peter handeth ye Junior ye lemon muche after this fashion:

"Go the primrose waye to the everlastyng bonfyre."

Lastlie appeareth ye nobell Senior, whose comyng maketh ye hearte of St. Peter to rejoice and who is welcomed by this encomium:

"Hail thee, thoue nobell youth,
We've waited thy comyng, in sooth:
I wille be pleased to lend thee mye eyre
For news of thy triumphs to heyre."

At ye earnest solicitashun of ye Sainte, ye Senior recounteth ye manie oc-complishmentes, ye athletic doyngs, ye powere in stuntes, etc:

"I have entered into every gayme
In a fair and honest trie for fayme.
Highe hopes thate burne like stars sublyme
I cherished, in hope of this joifulle tyme."

Whereupon ye venerable Sainte interrupteth hyme in this wyse:

"Pause not thou inne indecissione!
Consummate thy youthfulle visionne!
Welcome to thy joies Elysianne!
"Oh, nobell youth thou canst indeede aspyre
To this geelorious Heavyn of desyre
Where enter onlie those whom we admyre."

Thene he ushereth ye Senior into ye Halles of Paradise amidst greate rejoic-yng amongst ye attendant angels at ye valuable accessione to theire numbere and paeans of prayse for ye classe of '08.

L. A. B.—'08,

SENIOR CLASS PROPHECY.

(N. B.---Time, 1920.)

It was Saturday night. As an agent of the firm of Dr. Johnson & Son, I had experienced a particularly strenuous week, canvassing in the vicinity of Pittsburg, and, thoroughly tired out, I faced the entertaining prospect of an evening in a hotel and a still more entertaining Sunday.

As I neared my hotel I heard the sound of a tambourine and the strains of "Come, Thou Wanderer," and then I noticed a little circle of Salvationists, holding a meeting on the opposite corner. On approaching the group, I gazed idly around the circle, and then my attention became suddenly riveted upon the face of the singer. Those features under the poke bonnet were unmistakably those of my old classmate, Virginia Stark.

My first impulse was to speak, but, considering the place and the onlookers, I kept silent and thoughtfully entered my hotel.

In the evening, not wishing to stay alone, I went to the Y. M. C. A. where I was told the third number on the lecture course was to be given. It turned out to be the famous Judson Concert Co. headed by our old friend Vance. His solos on the flute were greatly appreciated. With him as pianist, was Carrie Herring, and Martin Jelliff was basso-cantante.

Sunday morning, I attended the Emery M. E. Church. The choir was led by Marie Pickering. I was becoming inured to the unexpected, and so did not evince my surprise, but when the minister rose and gave out the reading, I could not—I simply could not prevent an exclamation. It was the Reverend Frederick Langdon! My neighbor looked furtively at me with a gentle reproof in her eyes. I immediately subsided, and listened to a well-delivered sermon.

At dinner in the hotel, I noticed two M. H. S. '08s—Floy Campbell and Irene Massa, conversing over their menu cards at a table on the farther side of the room.

I left early Monday morning for Washington, business there urgently requiring my attention. This off my hands, I went to the House of Representatives with a friend, where we heard an admirable speech on the "Monopoly of Aerial Lines", delivered by Congressman Charles Sheriff. This created quite a commotion and Speaker Jenner had to tap sharply with his gavel to enforce order.

On my way to the headquarters of my firm I met Marie Waring. Marie conducts a Select School for Young Ladies in Washington. Because of the rigid control it is becoming more select all the time.

Florence Shires is one of the faculty of this school, Marie told me that two of our old classmates were in the Arctic Sanitarium here, and after making out a

report of sales and receipts to hand in to the firm she and I went to see them. Kathleen Mendenhall and Marie Marwick were there. The trained nurse in attendance, Clare McElHinney, who has charge of E. Ward, stated that it was excessive walking in their younger days that had brought them to this. My mind reverted to the time when we were in our Senior year at M. H. S. and these same girls promenaded in the halls (promenaded pronounced with a long "a") and the explanation made all clear.

In the evening I boarded a train for Boston. The conductor was Wilbur D. Lindsey. There was a family of German immigrants in the car, and so Wilbur had a chance to air his proficiency in Dutch.

From the train boy I purchased McFarland's Joke Book, compiled by our old Grind Editor Jennie. It was the only train joke-book I had ever seen that was the least bit original.

My train was six hours late, (I travelled over the Erie, which still retained its propensity of never being on time) and so it was about 9 A. M. when I arrived. I went to the branch office of my firm, and found that Lee Baxter, the salesman in that district, was laid up with a bad sprain, caused by slipping on the ice, and so I was called upon to deliver his orders for Dr. Johnson's remedies and recipes.

At the last place where I went my ring was answered by the friend of my schooldays—Lenore Cunningham. Truly, this business world I lived in was not so prosaic, after all. And who would have thought that anything romantic could have possibly been connected with "Dr. Johnson's R. & R.'s!"

In our mutual recollections we forgot all about them and their health-giving properties. Lenore told me that Carson Branch lived in the next block and had gained quite a reputation as illustrator of a leading Boston journal.

Lenore and I went to a play at the Metropolitan in the evening where we saw Will Finney in the role of Macbeth and Katherine Baxter as Lady Macbeth. The night-walking scene was quite touching.

When in a book store the next morning, a set of books on Mythology came to my attention. This proved to be the joint work of Mildred Clark and Maud Walker.

The afternoon saw me in New York. Here, I hate to confess it—I lost my bearings, and had to call the assistance of a policeman. This blue-coated, gold-buttoned minion of the law was Frank Fox, into whose hand I slipped a half-dollar which he didn't refuse, and I was soon made cognizant with my whereabouts.

In the Social Column of the New York Herald I read that Glenna Helen Wickert would entertain at a six o'clock dinner. Glenna's grace and charm of manner, as well as her conversational abilities have made her a great favorite in New York society.

The last two weeks before my vacation, I worked hard at my canvassing, and and when the last day finally drew out its uninteresting length, I gave a sigh of relief and my soul grew light in the anticipation of that trip abroad which my wife and I had planned to take. My wife, M. H. S.'ers would know best under her maiden name—Ruth Finfrock.

The last arrangements were completed, the Mauretania was ready to start and, amid the many farewells and final messages, we ascended the gang plank,

and soon we were moving out into the bay, past the place where the Statue of Liberty once stood, and finally emerged upon the vast stretches of cerulean aqua.

We soon discovered that two of our old classmates were on board, serving in the capacity of sailors—George Balliet and Forrest Cleland. The journey over, was, on the whole, quite delightful.

At Liverpool we were met by Hazel Plummer, to whom we had telegraphed while on board.

Hazel is making a great success at her chosen vocation of journalism, and her articles are always eagerly snapped up by the best magazines.

She told us that Dr. Harry Lynch, the most eminent physician in the district of Scotland, resided here, and that Prof. Lloyd Barr, the brilliant exponent of that noted physicist, Agler, had charge of the department of science in the College of Edinburgh.

While traveling south toward London, the story of an intended robbery came to our ears. This had been artfully planned by Willard Hess and Edwin Stevens, but through the alertness and skill of Detective Milo Patterson had been exposed before the would-be marauders made away with the spoils.

In London we found so many things to interest us that by evening we were "all in." This, however did not divert us from our plans for the evening. We went to the Globe Theatre, where we saw Marie Endly in Grand Opera. Her renditions were beautiful and we felt amply repaid for coming out.

Our programs announced the violinist, Earl Bushnell for the next night. We were sorry we would not be able to hear him, but we were to leave the next morning for Paris. The channel was in an angry mood when we crossed, and for my wife's sake I was glad when we were across.

In passing down the Rue Richelieu we noticed a sign upon a large building, "Mlles. Maglott et Smith, Hair Dressers." Edna and Irene, they say, "do" the young Parisiennes' hair in every conceivable style known to the art, their favorite ways, however, patterned after their own.

A little outside the limits of Paris is a well known convent, which we visited. Here we found Josephine Lemon, a nun, Poor girl, who would have supposed that she would renounce the world and its pleasures after her brilliant conquests! But in trying to retain so many they had all slipped through her fingers. It made me think of that passage in the Aeneid—"tantum aevi longinqua valet mutare vetustas."

Well, from France we went to Lisbon, Spain, and here we saw Margaret Lindsey, lady-in-waiting to the queen. Margaret, we heard, had married one of Lisbon's young nobles, greatly to the chagrin and dissappointment of a certain young man on our side of the pond.

In Rome we found Martha Payne, A. B., M. S., Ph. D., engaged in the scientific research of the antiquities of the Latins.

We stayed in Italy two weeks and then went to Athens. At Sing Sing, China, we saw our old friend, Hazel Umbarger, a deaconess in a Methodist mission. Her black bonnet with its white strings was quite becoming, as my wife observed. Being a man, I did not notice such things.

We have friends in Australia and decided we would make them a short visit, before going across the Pacific. Our boat arrived at Perth in time to catch the inland train and soon we were with our friends.

It was from them that we learned of the queer doings of an American woman, Marie Bowers. It appeared that she was an ardent admirer of Darwin, and to study the laws of evolution more scientifically had come to Australia to make personal observations on the different stages of development. Or course, this was all interesting news for us.

We regretfully took our leave after a week's stay, sailing on the Oregon for San Francisco.

The journey was uneventful unless you would call the beauty of it all an event. To stand there upon the ship with Ruth beside me, gazing out upon the placid waters and the sky, bright with its many stars, with the soft radiance of the moon upon us, like a benediction, seemed indeed the pinnacle of bliss, from which thought I speedily fell, for what, think you, came to my mind amid all this romantic beauty? I wondered how Dr. Johnson's Remedies and Recipes were selling! Think of it!

Well, we entered Golden Gate safely, and arrived in the city in time to see Russell Vose and his bride, nee You Know, about to start on their honeymoon trip, or rather, honeymars, for they were taking the airship, Santa Teresa, captained by Roy Spetka, for that planet. My only wonder was that they had waited this long.

Delta Mitchell was on the train we took for Salt Lake City. Delta owns a large ranch near Los Angeles. She told us that Dorothy Shonfield was president of the Matrimonial Club, designed for the extirpation of spinsterhood. Chief of attractions in this association was Magnet, Pearl Remy, whose rippling giggle, taking in low G and high E, was soon bringing about capitulation.

In Denver we heard Howard Leppo, Impersonator, whose readings are delighting the West.

We learned that Mr. and Mrs. York Dirlam, nee Marguerite Bange, resided here, and that York was the successor of Judge Lindsay of the Juvenile Court. It is said that his influence leaves a deep impression upon the lives with which he comes in contact.

On our way to the station we were passed by two pretty girls, Edith Meily and Frieda Wolf riding in a pony pheaton. They seemed to be boon companions, as of old.

We were borne along rapidly by the impatient engine, past the beautifully undulating lands and well-tilled farms. As we were flying past one place, we noticed two women standing near the doorstep of their home, shading their eyes and waving blue-checked aprons at the receding train, (or was it at the brakeman?)

This glance, momentary as it was, revealed to us the figures of our old classmates, Una Crum and Beatrice Charles.

Our train pulled into Central Station, Chicago, in the afternoon. My wife's cousin was there to meet us and take us to her home. Here we stayed a number of days. Mabel McCurdy is an instructor in Physics in Chicago University and Dorothy Seichart is head of the German department in the same college.

Ruth's cousin told us that Bertha Schill and Grace Kenton have a dressmaking establishment in the city and that they do all of her sewing. My wife told me secretly that she didn't admire their workmanship, if Cousin Minna's gowns were a sample of it.

Minna invited a party of friends in on the last evening of our stay. Among the company was Ethel Lehman, who rendered in her own inimitable manner that old favorite and standby of hers, "Curfew Shall Not Ring Tonight." I must say in her justification, that her gestures were even more dramatic and moving than when I heard her last, in school.

We left the following morning. My vacation had now dwindled down to three days, I could not resist the temptation to visit my old home town before I went back to work. The aspect of things, in general, was greatly changed. One thing, though, remained as of yore, and that was the old stationhouse. It appeared that the populace could not abandon this one ancient relic.

On a newly-erected platform in Central Park we saw Ruth Harris and Clara Long earnestly pleading in behalf of woman's rights; plug hats and the privilege of carrying a cane.

Their eloquence and masterful address powerfully swayed the assemblage, so much so, in fact, that one burly fellow standing near us toppled over against the telephone pole. We afterwards found out that it was Earl Frankeberger, Supt. of Schools.

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Under "City in Brief" in The News we read that Josephine Kallmerton had resigned her position as stenographer to go into the millinery business with Nina Bell. The place she made vacant was to be filled by Nellie Rupert.

The next morning we left for Washington. While on our way to the station we saw a man standing on the corner of Main and Fifth Streets, his faced wreathed in smiles. Surely, I thought, that chessycat grin could belong to no other than Earl Turman! And thus it proved.

Turning to look at the object of his mirth, we saw Vernon Kern coming down the street and from his dilapidated old hand organ, he was grinding out those songs of bygone days—Honey Boy, School Days, and other favorites of that time.

We reached Washington a little after noon, and now I am back to business.

I had seen the world—all of it that I cared about, and, I had seen my old classmates. I had a fine wife and a good job. And, I reflected, while on my way to the office and Dr. Johnson's R. & R.'s, why shouldn't I be happy? Why shouldn't I indeed!

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JUNIOR OFFICERS.

PRESIDENT - - - -	FRANK CAVE
VICE PRESIDENT - - -	JUD COX
SECRETARY - - -	MARY DUNHAM
TREASURER - -	LOTTA BRANCH
SERGEANT-AT-ARMS - - -	ROGER AU

COLORS:—Black and Gold.



JUNIOR CLASS.

THE JUNIORS RECEIVE

MARCH 27, '08.

The preparation for it during some time had been visible to the naked eye. Firstly various Juniors fluttered thru the halls with papers and received from their teachers certificates of high grades, sound morals, good appetites and general efficiency to do Committee Work. Next came little "sessions" in the Board Room; and lastly an avalache of junk- paper lanterns, rods of crape, acres of palms, cushions, rugs, and benches. Once or twice the voice of the Principal was heard upraised in fatherly blessing on the work.

But the end justified the means. The evening revealed the dingy auditorium transformed, bedecked with Japanese lights, festooned with pennants, and alive with party-gowns. When the High School Orchestra had finished the overture, everybody sat up in his seat, opened his gay little program and listened. Mr. Hall filliped at his hair and made a neat characteristic speech that welcomed every body and struck the keynote for the evening—jolly pride in the M. H. S. Three presidential addresses followed. Frank Cave's, for '09, was the briefest, but like Lincoln's at Gettysburg, it will be the longest remembered. Clara McElHinney gracefully read the response for '08. Dr. Meese spoke for the Board wittily and wisely. Mr. Bellingham's vocal solo was a magnificent song, built on a Russian theme; the audience would not take "no" to its demand for an encore, so he sang the Cuckoo Clock. Before taking the baton for the orchestra piece that came next, he announced its title "The Barnyard Symphony," and said that music would be noticed in it. And indeed the listeners were visibly moved by the touching imitation of old hens, young roosters, and the squeak of the corn cultivator turning a corner.

Then came the farce "My Lord in Livery," which was a delight to the audience and a triumph for Miss Swaim and the actors she had coached. Irene Krebs, Helen Jennings and Lotta Branch were the heroines, and played prettily and looked fetchingly. Charles Stevenson was Spiggott, the bold butler. Carl Oberlin ha's 'opkins, the new footman, was much enjoyed. Robert, the page, was taken by James Leonard, and Donald Willis as Lord Thrilmere played by turns, sailor, servant and burglar.

Afterwards Supt. Helter congratulated all players, musicians, speakers and classes, the audience applauding heartily; and himself headed the march to the dining room. The decorations here were particulary tasteful, a scheme of red and white, arranged about a center table and illuminated with candles. The Junior boys served and all ate of the choice menu, listened to string-music, chattered, complimented the whole function from supper to symphony, and told themselves that they were proud of themselves. "Twelve o'clock already!" was heard from many lips and was eloquent enjoyment. Some lingered on toward one to drink out the punch, and to talk to "her" a minute. Everybody on leaving congratulated the committee "Quite creditable" exclaimed the pupils; "Simply Swell" was the dictum of the Board.

JUNIOR POEM.

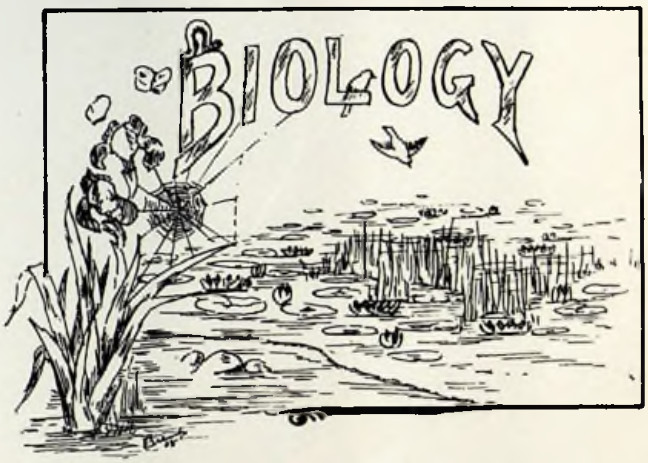
Our Junior year has almost past,
And we can see the way,
For entering the Senior class
Some not-far-distant day.

This past school-year, despite the fact,
That troubles we have known
About the kind of grades we lacked
We've much enjoyed, we own.

About our own reception, too—
Great trials we've endured,
To fire-drills and smallpox scares,
We have become inured.

But of our class of nineteen nine—
We are sincerely proud,
For, such a lot of geniuses,
Was ne'er in any crowd.

And such as we, will surely shine,
Within the Halls of Fame;
As Seniors of M. H. S.,
We'll dizzy heights attain.


BIOLOGY

SOPHOMORES





SOPHOMORE CLASS.

SOPHOMORE POEM.

I.

You may lalk about your colleges—their steady growth and size,
And boast about endowments and legacies, likewise,
And societies, fraternities and all such foolery—
But the little school of M. H. S. is big enough for me.

II.

You may talk about those buildings, with their steeples in the clouds,
And brag about receptions and aristocratic crowds;
You may talk about commencement shows, and all there is to see—
But the little school of M. H. S. is show enough for me.

III.

There's not much style in our school—it's simple, quite, and small—
And there's no chapel either—the auditorium's all;
The seats and desks are all scratched up—but they are always free,
And the little school of M. H. S. is grand enough for me.

IV.

Some find it quite unhandy, I am willing you should know,
To have one room much colder than another down below;
That the stairsways long—and winding—so very dark should be,
But the little school of M. H. S. is handy 'nough for me.

V.

You may smile and turn your nose up, and laugh and have your fun,
About our fine athletic sports, and pleasures, every one—
You may boast about your learned Profs., with titles L L. D.,
But the teachers all of M. H. S. are good enough for me.

LITTLE do ye know your own Blessedness; for to travel hopefully is a better thing than to arrive, and the True Success is to labour---*Robert Louis Stevenson.*


FRESHIES
M.H.S.-11-



FRESHMAN CLASS.—Group 1.



FRESHMAN CLASS--Group 2.

A FRESHMAN ESSAY.

EGO AND ZERO.

Mary Ossa was a handsome burnette the belle of aristocratic Newport. She must have been about five feet nine inches in height and was much talked of for her beautiful face and symetrical form. No girl in the state could boast so fair a complexion or so rich an azure eye as could Mary Ossa. Her face was full and dimpled and many was the time her likeness appeared in magazines in advertisements of Rocky Mountain Tea or some face lotion.

Mary believed as do most girls today that "fine feathers make fine birds" and consequently dressed magnificently in shadow embroidery waists and frocks of rarest texture. Innumerable were her tucks and frills. Buying hats was her mania and she owned and wore all kinds large and small, black and white, simple and complex.

Mary would blush at just the right time, preserve an air of dignity on the proper occasion and to suit circumstances would smile, laugh or even (it was whispered) wink.

Her voice was a vibrant chord of most harmonious melody and she could say "Skidoo" just too sweet for any use.

Surrounded by the granduer of a splendid home and the endearments of society she was not a little vain and arrogant. Foppish beaux came from miles around to keep her company, and great was the exaltation of such suitors as were not rejected.

At college her tutors were more than pleased with her intellect and she was first in all her studies—the gloss of her class was Mary Ossa. Her delicate imagination was manifested in her biological work, where she would not even look at a skeleton. It was her conviction that only the profane would meddle with the osseous.

Everywhere that Mary went it was the habit not only of the feminine but of the masculine eye to feast on her dazling beauty.

In brief this maid was ideal.

But where is Mary now? Sad it was that her beautiful body in the brightness of youth should have been lowered into the grave. Yet so it was.

The very day she was buried, in the night, when none but the owl and the moon were looking, two ghouls re-turned the earth stole her body and shipped it

to a medical college. There the "knights of the knife" made what was once a model for art, a subject of anatomy.

Later an order for a skeleton was sent that institution by an Ohio superintendent of schools. Now Mary Ossa's bones hang in Miss Aberle's cahinet! Who would suspect it was she? Mary the one day pride of Newport. She of the coy smile and the graceful carriage, now a grinning rattling skeleton used to demonstrate the working of the cranks, shafts, and toggle joints of the human engine! Once she had a whole world of space for her utility. Now she must be content in the solitude of a six by three box. Once how gladly did friends touch her hand in greeting. It is no longer so for observers refer to those nude bones with a yard stick only.

There she is, poor thing! people who do not look upon ber in antipathy or nausea indulge in witticisms over her humiliation.

She is suspended from the top of her case by a ring screwed in the top of her shining parietal. Large optic sockets suggest monstrous eyes blacked in a fight. She is devoid of a nose and the broad aperture remaining presents the resemblance of the nasal organ of a brute.

The mouth is become a fearful feature. Standing out ranged from ear to ear, thirty long yellow teeth show themselves in what is hard to descriminate between a grin and a grit of anger or agony.

The arms and legs appear to be much longer than they really are owing to their diminutive breadth while the carpals and phalanges of her hands are in deplorable contrast to their once admirable shape.

One sees clean thro her and between twenty four ribs perceives two deltoid scapulae and the broad back of her haunted scabbard.

How depressing the thought that in Newport a few years ago she was so proud, supercilious and grand. Once when she moved the rustle of her silks was music. Now with the slightest jar the dry bones of her sterile frame swing to and fro with a rattle and a clatter that is soul-thrilling.

When people look at Mary they seldom realize that she once had lived and moved and felt the same emotions that they do. They think themselves the zenith of perfection, Mary felt the same about it. Once when this skeleton appeared, people said: "Miss Ossa, how charming you look tonight. How delightful your gown." "Do come sit in the moonlight and chat." Now Miss Aberle says of Miss Ossa: "Johnny, go up to the bones and show us how nature oils her joints." "Compare its backbone with that of a monkey." "Pull its tiba and elucidate a dislocation."

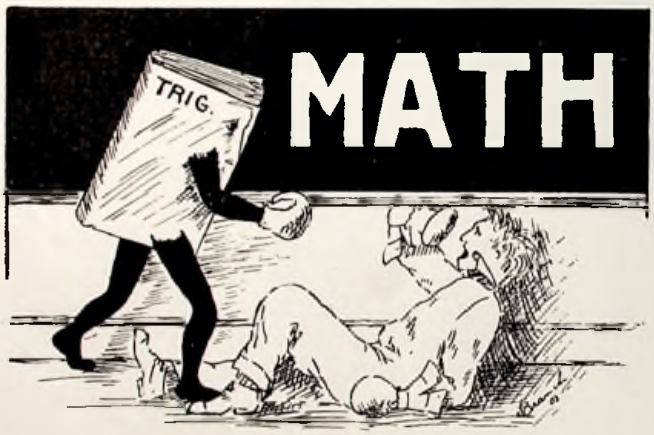
G.W.B.

FRESHMAN POEM.

Failures to right of him,
Failures to left of him,
Failures in front of him,
Stuttered and blundered;
All tried then to recite,
None answered what was right,
Surround by failures quite
Was the young Freshman.

Lifting his hand in air,
Snapping his fingers there,
Like one who seemed to care,
Thus, did the Freshman.
"Read," rang the teacher's voice,
Left, there was not a choice,
For the young Freshman.
Right in the lines he broke,
Right through the lines he spoke,
Translation, Construction.

"Good," was the teacher's cry,
Ne'er asked the reason why.
Down sat the boy so shy,
Not a young failure;
When can his knowledge fade!
O, the wild bluff he made!
All the class wondered,
Honored the bluff he made!
It was all luck, he said.
Noble young freshman.


TRIG.
MATH

THE ALUMNI.

The fact that the more a person knows and learns the more he realizes the vastness of the sea of knowledge and realizes how little he knows in comparison with the depths of wisdom is a fact that is revealed more and more by the continual increase in the number of students in the colleges throughout the country and in the large percentage of the graduates of the High Schools that continue their studies in higher schools of learning.

The percentage of the graduates who enter college from our own home school is exceedingly large and is growing larger year after year , thus manifesting both the increased desire among the students to search deeper after the precious treasures that lie concealed in books of learning and to investigate farther and study more carefully the subjects of greater complexity and comprehensiveness.

Another fact of equal credit to M. H. S. is that all graduating under the college preparatory course are able to enter most colleges without taking entrance examinations and some of the scholars even have several extra points to their credit in college. The high record that our students are making in college and the high standard of work that they are doing is a gratifying and pleasing, as well as an expected, fact. They receive our hearty congratulations.

Besides those who have entered college many of the alumni have entered the business realm and have obtained positions, Bookkeepers, Stenographers, etc. and are pleasing their employers very much by their careful and thorough work and are making rapid strides toward promotion. It is certainly a matter of credit and inspiration to the High School that nearly all graduates of the Commercial Course are able to secure such good positions after leaving school.

Some of the girls have taken the teachers' examinations and having successfully passed them are now cadeting in various grades in the common schools throughout the city.

GET your Happiness out of your Work or you will never know what Happiness is . . .

—*ELBERT HUBBARD.*

OUR MARY.

To-day, as every day we see Mary's bright face. For years she has dusted the seats, the desks, the book-cases—and striven to make the brightness of dull things appear, no matter how deep in gloomy particles they lay.

The happy smile on her dust covered face admonishes us to notice the bright, varnished maple desks and the clear window panes.

So look to Mary for the best of philosophy; find the bright side of everything and show that side only.

MR. LEPPO.

No man in this world to-day derserves more praise and honor than the janitor, and among the janitors none deserve more than those who practice their profession in the Public Schools.

The Janitor Paramount, however, is Mr. Leppo of M. H. S.—Why? Firstly because he is; and secondly, because education would be one of the impossibilities in this place without him.

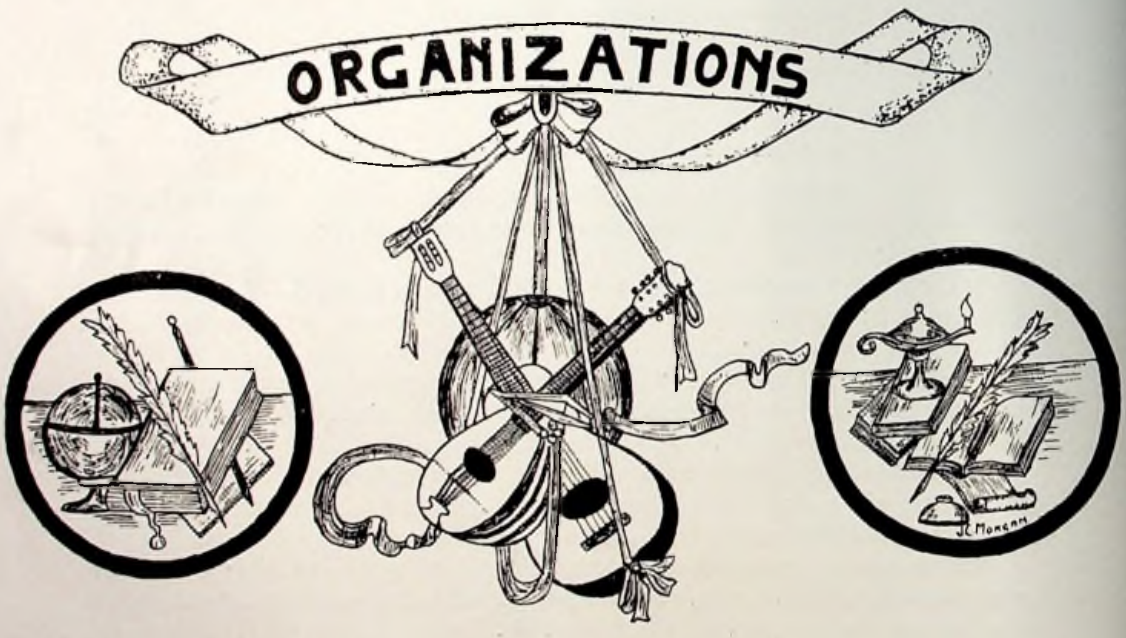
It is alright to know Algebra and Latin, but it is greater to know that if there is no fire in the furnace the school building will not be warm—Mr. Leppo knows this, and a great deal more.

Monuments have been erected and great things said of the brilliant scholar and the learned teacher but the janitor was forgotten; the man who made their learning a possibility was not even given a ribbon to wear.

Remember the janitor as one of your friends and when the time comes for you to end your H. S. career, render unto yourself and to your teacher the praise due you and your teacher, but don't forget Mr. Leppo.

GEORGE.

"George" Thomas holds an important and responsible position in our school. It is no small matter to have the lives of hundreds of children entrusted to a man. And that is the case here, for George looks after the boilers in the basement. He is ever ready to do service with heart and hand, ever willing to help. He brings hot water when "first aids" to the injured are to be administered. He will bake a potato for someone's dinner, etc. In fact he is general utility man and we could not get along without him.


ORGANIZATIONS



M. H. S. ORCHESTRA.

Prof. Bellingham, W. Erwin, J. Morgan, B. Shireman, L. Huffman, E. Peck, H. Edmonds, V. Judson, E. Eushnell, J. Leonard, H. Hammett, J. Colwell, V. Long.



MALE QUARTETTE.

Fred Langdon. Milo Patterson. Russell Vose. Martin Jelliff.

MUSIC.

Standin' there so energetic,
Hands agoin', arms aflingin',
Tell you its a funny sight
When Prof. Bellingham's a
singin'.

Talk about your akrobat
Or your pugilistic swingin',
'Taint one-half the sight you see
When Prof. Bellingham's a
singin'.

Every muscle just in time,
Every action notes a bringin',
'Taint no wonder music comes
When Prof. Bellingham's a
singin'.



GLEE CLUB.

E. Bushnell. M. Patterson. L. Barr. F. Langdon. H. Lynch. Y. Dirlam. M. Jelliff. R. Specka. F. Fox. R. Vose.
M. Pickering. D. Shonfield. L. Lindsey. Prof. Bellingham. C. Long. M. Endly. P. Remy.
J. Kalmeiten. L. Jones. M. Bushnell. M. Bange. U. Crum. I. Smith. G. Kinton.

LITERARY SOCIETIES.

The separate literary societies, formed last year of the Senior, Junior and Sophomore classes have been reorganized as it has been found that the method worked very well from the first.

Last year the meetings were held in the study-room, thus causing a great deal of confusion in finding places for regular study-room pupils, so this year the place of the meetings has been changed somewhat. The three upper classes now have their programs successively as before, but in the auditorium. Every fourth Friday general rhetoricals are held, the best talent being selected from among the upper classmen. On the same day the Freshmen hold their meeting in the study room, the program being prepared by Miss Abbot. In this way the Freshmen have a better chance than ever before developed. They can no longer complain of not having as many privileges in the literary line as the other classes.

Under this system Miss Swaim has a much better chance than formerly to find the talent of the various scholars, which had hitherto been hidden because uncalled for. Now the ability of all the pupils whether in music or in the literary line had been tested and by means of the class reporter, who publishes in the daily papers a summary of the program, is brought before the public. At some future time this public recognition may be very valuable.

The usual programs of music, recitations, discussions and debates have been varied by steriopticon views, accompanied by interesting descriptions of the places pictured or of the poem illustrated. The pictures are prepared by Mr. Hall who deserves great credit not only for securing the views and preparing the slides but also for coloring them so beautifully, as it shows that he has been able to add the reputation of an artist to his other attainments. The magic lantern is operated by Miss Swaim, who seems to thoroughly understand it.

The annual Christmas play was postponed until several weeks after the holidays on account of the fear of spreading the epidemic of smallpox. The play, called the "Garoteers" was well acted and well received.

Since nearly every pupil is on the program twice in a school year, greater opportunity is given for further advancement in this line of work, for we always find that in school work as well as in everything else that practice makes perfect.

SENIOR LIT. OFFICERS.

Pres.—Charles Sheriff

V. Pres.—Clara Long.

Sec.—Marie Endly.

Censor—Jennie McFarland.

Reporter—Hazel Plummer.

JUNIOR LIT. OFFICERS.

Pres.—Howard McDaniel.

V. Pres.—Hazel Hipp.

Sec.—Irene Krebbs.

Censor—Mary Dunham.

Reporter—Chas. Stevenson.

SOPHOMORE LIT. OFFICERS.

Pres.—James Wendling.

V. Pres.—Rio Judson.

Sec.—Rebekah McDaniel.

Censor—Judson Super.

Reporter—Helen Brunk.

FRESHMEN LIT. OFFICERS.

Pres.—Lawrence Hughes.

V. Pres.—Henry Endly.

Sec.—Lucile Upson.

Censor—Rhea Martin.

Reporter—Helen Eichelberger.


ATHLETICS



BOYS' BASKET BALL TEAM.

M. Jelliff. E. Palmer. Y. Dirlam, (C.) H. Leppo. R. Vose. R. Shireman.

ATHLETICS.

Athletics in Mansfield High School are gradually declining and it is with heroic effort that we strive to maintain the position due the name of our beloved school. Every student knows that spirit is essentially necessary to uphold successful athletics.

It was because of the lack of spirit that we could not under any circumstances make foot-ball a paying proposition. The spirit of this school is not dead and it must not die; but it needs to be awakened. We are striving with our might to arouse enthusiasm over our basket ball games and if we wish to obtain satisfactory results, we must combine the spirit of the separate classes, and let this one kind of School spirit support athletics.

Our team this year is one of the best and no doubt could compete for state honors. With its direct and swift passes and skillful guarding we are undoubtedly equal to the teams of former years. The outlook for base ball is very encouraging, we hope to train a team which will be one of the best in the history of the High School. With six men of last year's experience and plenty of good material we can support a winning team, provided the spirit and interest of the school are at heart.

Base Ball has taken the place of our track meets, nevertheless we look back with pride on the records made by the students who practiced in field day.

This year we have the material to support track events, make it your duty to come out and help us win and by this act of your loyalty we are bound to make athletics a success.

The girls have organized and have succeeded in turning out a first class basket ball team and have now finished their list of scheduled games.

OBERLIN GAME.

Oberlin High journeyed to Mansfield and played our local High School on the floor of the Y. M. C. A. Although we acknowledged defeat, we were credited with clean play and can say treated our opponents fairly and with just equality.

Line up and summarry.

M. H. S.—31 - - - - O. H. S.—47

Palmer, R. F.; Dirlam, L. F.; Jelliff, C.; Vose, Shireman, R. G.; Leppo, L. G.

The team went to New Philadelphia and played the local high school on the floor of the skating rink. Both teams were bound to win, and guarding became the feature of the game. Mansfield put up a hard and furious game and when time was called, had succeeded in tying the score of their opponents.

Line up and summary.

M. H. S.—13 - - - - N. P. H. S.—13

Palmer, R. F.; Dirlam, L. F.; Jelliff, C.; Vose, R. G.; Leppo, L. G.

FOSTORIA GAME.

The representative Basket Ball Team of Fostoria High School came to Mansfield determined to defeat us. The teams met on the floor of the Y. M. C. A. and a large crowd witnessed the game.

Our speedy little forwards time and again succeeded in caging the ball, while our guards aided with praiseworthy work. When time was called Mansfield High had run a total of 53 points while our opponents secured a total of 13 points.

Line up and summary.

M. H. S.—53 - - - - F. H. S.—13

Palmer, R. F.; Dirlam, L. F.; Jelliff, C.; Vose, Shireman, R. G.; Leppo, L. G

NEWARK GAME.

The team went to Newark where they bucked up against a team coached by a former Mansfield teacher. The game was played on the floor of the Armory and on account of its length, the Newark team started in to dribble, our guards quickly broke this up and a number of fouls were called. When the whistle blew for time Newark stood slightly in the lead.

Line up and summary.

M. H. S.—21 - - - - N. H. S.—29

Palmer, R. F.; Dirlam, L. F.; Jelliff, C.; Vose, Shireman, R. G.; Leppo, L. G.

Time keepers—Langdon, Brown.

The Basket Ball Team went to Findlay and played the local high school on the floor of the Y. M. C. A. Findlay High School started the scoring and Mansfield a close second stood with 18 points to her credit at the end of the first half. In the second half Mansfield played Findlay High almost to stand-still, but could not over come the lead.

Line up and summary.

M. H. S.—18 - - - - F. H. S.—33

Palmer, R. F.; Dirlam, L. F.; Jelliff, C.; Vose, Shireman, R. G.; Leppo, L. G.

Time keepers—Smith, Upton.

NEWARK GAME.

The Newark five came to Mansfield scheduled to play at 8 P. M. on the floor of the Y. M. C. A. One of the largest crowds on record witnessed the progress of the game. It was no doubt the best game of the season, both teams being about equally matched. In the last few minutes of play, Newark High slightly increased her lead and won out by a small margin.

Line up and summary.

M. H. S.—17 - - - - N. H. S.—24

Palmer, R. F.; Dirlam, L. F.; Jelliff, C.; Vose, Shireman, R. G.; Leppo, L. G.

FINDLAY GAME.

The crack Findlay five which succeeded in defeating Mansfield High at the beginning of the season played their return game on the floor of the Y. M. C. A. Feb. 27. After a hard fought contest in which numerous fouls were called on both sides, Mansfield High took a spurt and doubly increased her lead.

Line up and summary.

M. H. S.—34 - - - - F. H. S.—18

Palmer, R. F.; Dirlam, L. F.; Jelliff, C.; Vose, Shireman, R. G.; Leppo, L. G.

REPRESENTATIVE GAME.

The game which the High School put up against the Y. M. C. A. Representatives was one of the best of the season. In the first half the Reps. scored eleven points, holding the Mansfield five down to two field baskets.

Our forwards in the second half managed to cage the ball time and again nearly tying in points with the Reps. The game ended with the Y. M. C. A. Representatives leading with a score of 24 to 18.

Line up and summary.

M. H. S.—18 - - - - - Reps.—24

Palmer, R. F., Dill: Dirlam, L. F., Wise: Jelliff, C., Williams: Vose, Shireman, L. G., Stecker: Leppo, R. G., Sattler.

Time keepers—Cox, Motter.

CANTON GAME.

Mansfield went to Canton and played one of the fastest teams in the state. The Canton five did excellent dribbling and their fast team work was a feature. Mansfield High however broke up their dribbling and our forwards played their usual steady game. At the close of the second half, Canton had secured a total of 52 points, while Mansfield secured a total of 16 points.

Line up and summary.

M. H. S.—16 - - - - C. H. S.—52

Palmer, R. F.; Dirlam, L. F.; Jelliff, C.; Vose, Shireman, R. G.; Leppo, L. G.

Time keepers—Vose, Shireman.



GIRLS' BASKET BALL TEAM.---No. 1.

Edna Endly, Helen Enos, Helen Jennings, Hazel Umbarger,
Margaret Tanner, Marie Marwick, Kathleen Mendenhall, Marie Brunk, Ruth Godsby, Lena Johnson.

GIRLS' BASKET BALL.

This year we have enjoyed our basket ball practice very much. Owing to the kindness of Miss Cunningham, one of our last year graduates, we were enabled to have a coach.

We organized early in the fall with the assistance of Miss Moore and Miss Feldner. There were fours teams organized, the Juniors and Seniors being the first two teams and the Sophomores and Freshmen on the second two teams. By this division it was thought the good players were unevenly divided, so the best players were appointed by Miss Moore and Miss Feldner on the first teams and the rest of the players on the second team.

The practice then was very enthusiastic as it had been decided that the side having the largest scores were to be given a banquet by their opponents.

There was a vigorous practice until April vacation, the score for the first teams being 71 to 48 in favor of the A's.

Two public games were played one week, by the first and second teams. About fifty friends attended the games.



GIRLS' BASKET BALL TEAM.---No. 2.

H. Nail. H. Boles. H. Eichelberger.
R. Miller. E. Baughman. H. Brunk. N. Long. M. Jones.
V. Costard. A. Henry. Maud Jones. M. Erwin.

The line up and summary for the first team.

A–2	B–9
E. Endly, R. F.	M. Marwick, R. F.
H. Enos, L. F.	H. Jennings, L. F.
M. Brunk, C.	K. Mendenhall, C.
L. Johnson, R. G.	R. Gadsby, R. G.
M. Tanner, L. G.	H. Umbarger, L. G

The line up and summary for the second team.

REDS–13	BLUES–11
E. Baughman, R. F.	V. Costard, R. F.
H. Brunk, L. F.	Mary Jones, L. F.
N. Long, C.	H. Eichelberger, C.
M. Jones, R. G.	A. Henry, R. G.
M. Irwin, L. G.	H. Boles, L. G.

By next year we hope we will have some very good players among the Sophomores, who are working hard this year as Freshmen. We also hope to have more public games to uphold school interest.



BASE BALL TEAM.

G. Pollock, H. McDaniel, (C), H. Leppo, J. Sheets, F. Fox, F. Cleland, Mr. Blankenhorn, (Coach), W. Black, J. Strock, J. Jenner, G. Jarrett, J. Marshall, C. Stecker, R. Judson, J. Carrigan, Snodgrass, A. Nixon, Lantz, R. Vose, B. Weisman, E. Longsdorf, W. Schlegel.

BASE BALL.

LINE UP.

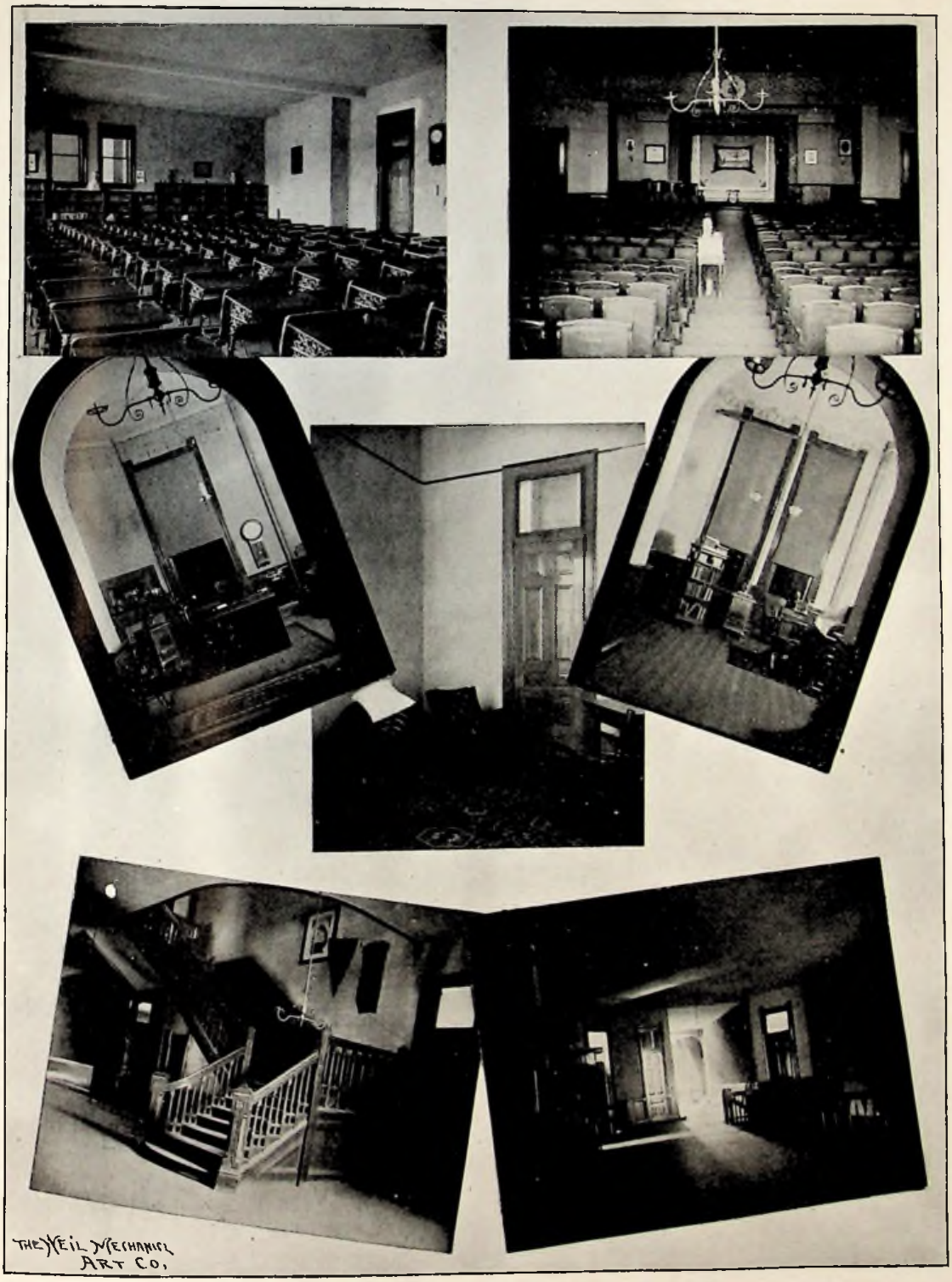
McDaniels	(c.) P.
Stecker	(Mgr.) P.
Vose	C.
Pollock	1st B.
Cleland	2nd. B.
Leppo	3rd. B.
Schlegel	S. S.
Marshall	R. F.
Snodgrass	C. F.
Longsdorf	L. F.

SCHEDULE.

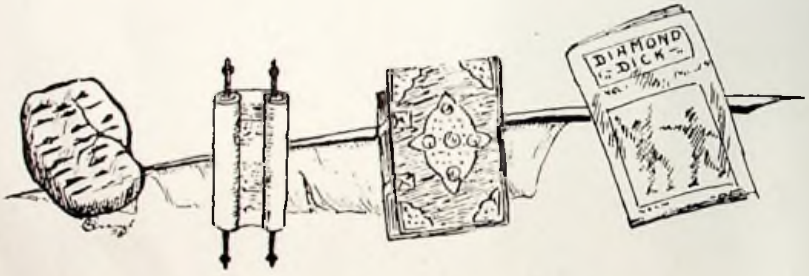
Bucyrus	at	Mansfield
Mansfield	at	Galion
Shelby	at	Mansfield
Galion	at	Mansfield
Mansfield	at	Crestline
Mansfield	at	Shelby
Crestline	at	Mansfield
Mansfield	at	Bucyrus
Marion	at	Mansfield
Mansfield	at	Wooster
Wooster	at	Mansfield
Mansfield	at	Marion

Mr. Blankenhorn is coaching the team and is getting good results from the efforts of the players.





MANSFIELD HIGH SCHOOL.---Group No. 1.



EVOLUTION OF LITERATURE.

THE INEVITABLE AUNT MARIA.

By Winifred Angle.

Clara Smith was a student at R—— Seminary. At school she was very popular and the girls didn't think it was strange when she was invited out frequently.

One day Clara was all excited, for an invitation had come to a dance in a town not very far from the school. As this was the usual thing, the girls didn't see why she was so excited over this particular dance.

Clara spent a whole lot of time getting ready that night, and before she was downstairs the door-bell rang. The girls were all looking over the banister. They knew boys weren't allowed at the school and they were curious to know who would come for Clara. They were all surprised to see a rather elderly woman ushered into the room. She had on a rusty black silk dress, a short black coat, and a little black bonnet trimmed with purple pansies. She looked to be about sixty-five, but from her walk, it would not seem that she was that old.

In a minute Clara came down, and the woman, evidently her aunt, got up and shook hands with her, telling her in a high, cracked and affected voice how long it was since she had seen her and how glad she was. To the girls it seemed strange that Clara didn't kiss her aunt after such a long separation, but it would have seemed stranger still to them to have seen the aunt helping Clara down the icy steps, instead of Clara helping her aunt.

The next afternoon after class, the girls were all anxious to hear about the dance. Clara told them she had had a good time, but when asked who had come for her, she said, "Who else would it be but my aunt Maria?"

About two weeks afterward, Clara was invited away again. This time she resolved not to show her excitement, and it was not until the day before the dance that the girls found out she was going away at all.

About eight o'clock the next evening the door bell rang, and the matron herself went to the door. This time Aunt Maria was dressed just like the time before, with the exception of a white fischu at her throat.

The matron took her into the parlor and tried by different ways to start a conversation, but all her remarks seemed lost on Aunt Maria, for she was probably deaf.

Clara came down stairs and after greeting her aunt, they started off. Soon the jingle of sleighbells told they had started.

Clara came home Saturday afternoon, and in a few minutes the girls knew all the details of the dance. Clara tried so hard to convince the girls that Aunt Maria was the only one she had gone with, that the girls thought it strange.

An invitation came about a month after this, to a dance in the same place. This time she was going in a bob with a big crowd, but the inevitable Aunt Maria came into the house after her.

One of the girls, bound to find out more about Aunt Maria, had the window open and the light turned low and then listened at the open window.

When Clara and Aunt Maria, went out of the house, and while they were getting into the bob, such exclamations as these came up to her. "Well, how did you ever manage to keep a straight face?" "Well, who suggested that way of going after Clara?" "Wasn't it awfully hard to think of a makeup?"

The driver spoke to his team and they were off like a flash, but the last sentence the listening girl heard, was this: "It was rather ticklish. Here somebody take this bonnet. Remember now, don't spoil the purple pansies, I've got to get Clara in the house tonight.



DIES SCHOLAE.

"Student if you would win success
You must the sight of sloth suppress.
'Tis with you the preference lies
To cringe in depths or soar the skies."

These words return their truth to claim.
Advice like that came down like rain.
Alas! we never felt its worth—
Our aim in life was quest of mirth.

There stands that building I recall
The largest schoolhouse of them all;
Where some acquire their humble lore
And most sought joy and—nothing more.

The principal was larger too
Than any other man I knew;
And had an arm of mighty reach
That aided well his way to teach.

He was by all, held in esteem
There where he ever reigned supreme.
And loved by those with whom he dealt,
E'en those who had received his welt.

In friendship he was true as steel;
In wrath he always made them feel,
Whoever had his law transgressed
Or failed to pass the simple test.

The trees for many rods nearby
Had sent their limbs to school to dry
And when a boy was doing bad
His penalty was "seasoned gad."

Yet when the girls did as they pleased
As tho they had the schoolhouse leased,
What then could the professor say?
He must just let them have their way.

But every time a boy went wrong
To the office he marched to sing a song;
There led by the master's heavy hand
He atoned for sins of the feminine band.

Perhaps we did not get enough;
Maybe that method was too rough.
We wags and idlers ne'er obeyed
Altho we were severely flayed.

But in the High School where we're come
The men and means are altered some:
A hundred different wiles in vogue
Vanished the mischief of the rogue.

They've dropped the ancient hickory rule
That striped the dermis of the fool;
And newer ways they practice wide
That seem to pierce beneath the hide.

They use the red demerit book
The gesture or the meaning look;
A word of aid or admonition
Must produce complete transition.

To him who does not work with vim
The teacher says, "Tonight, come in."
And long advice in Cynic style
He must endure without a smile.

Still that's not all the ill wind blows:
The critic goes to all she knows
At teachers' meeting—Over town—
And talks his reputation down.

Then to the office with his name
She tells his faults and wrecks his fame;
There in discourse drawn and long
She magnifies his every wrong.

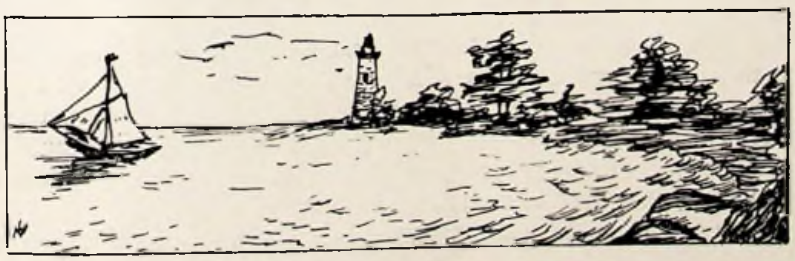
A note they send his pa by mail;
It is a long abusive tale;
The sad tirade that made its round
Terminates, in tear drops drowned.

We can judge what fell his lot—
The scene will never be forgot;
They say that what he got at home
Was the harvest he had sown.

Last year I gazed with heart athrill
At the High School on the hill,
And bragged the day I'd enter there
To take life easy, free from care.

Who cannot see my sad mistake?
I know it now, but such is fate—
High School rules are hard to fill
That school is bliss below the hill.

GEORGE BIDDLE.



THE INDIAN MAIDEN'S DEATH SONG.

'08.

(There is a high cliff on the Minnesota River called in the Dacota language "Tayeh Wyaneeche" or "The Death Song." The origin of this name is found in the following story.)

'Tis evening and Toolwa, a young Indian chief, rows over the calm, blue waters of the Minnesota in his light canoe. A blanket enwraps his noble form and by his side hangs the deadly war-club, while a single dark gray plume, which he had won when a child, casts a light shade across his swarthy face. But see! He has left his canoe behind and climbed the steep cliffs, where he now stands fearlessly gazing at the waters below.

While he stands there like a statue let us take a glance at his surroundings. The last rays of the setting sun cast a dim red glow over hill, prairie, lake and sky. The green prairie along the river blooms with lovely flowers. Far over the hills is heard the yelp of the coyote and the howl of the wolf. Up the river may be seen the fires of the Dacota village. Here lives the great chief Decona and his daughter Chischille, who is now uppermost in the mind of Toolwa. Her father had promised her to Wahuspa, a cold, greedy man who, in reality, had bought her from her father in return for power. Six of Wahuspa's best horses were to replace Chischille's cherished image in the chieftain's heart, so you see that even in the lodges of the Indians, riches are usually deemed the best sf all earthly gifts.

But hark! What is it that Toolwa hears to rouse him from his stony calm? See the love light gleaming in his eyes! Yes, 'tis she, Chischille, who has fled from her father's wigwam to her lover's arms.

Soon he has her safe within his boat and they glide away down the river. And as they skim over the waves Toolwa whispers in her eager ear: "Sweet Chischille, we shall go far from here to where the south wind blows above the lodges of the Riccarrees, to where thy sire's and Wahuspa's vengeance cannot reach you and there I'll build a lodge for thee, my fawn-like one. A life-long service shall repay thee the love thou hast shown me this night."

But what is the meaning of that distant light which gleams in the village just left behind?

It is Wahuspa's torch; he has discovered Chischille's flight and is now awakening his warriors.

His fury is terrible and the poor old father calls for vegeance on his child. They start upon her trail and trace her to the river's marshy edge. Then far down the stream they spy Toolwa's canoe.

Wahuspa, with fire flashing from his eyes, cries: "I have them now—I swear by the Great Manitou to spill the fox cub's blood this very night and bring my sweet Chischille back again."

Away they fly, pursuers and pursued, seeming like monsters from the spirit world, some dashing forward like the fierce storm wind, others looming up like clouds. But Toolwa's strength is being fast spent, and now his weak paddle snaps in two. With pale cheek he whispers: "All is lost, but, dear one, we shall meet in the spirit land," then stabs himself and leaps into the river.

Chischille is taken back to her father's lodge to become Wahuspa's bride on the next day. The Indian maid, rising at the earliest dawn, plaits her dark hair and puts on her richest robe, decked with bright flowers and shells. She passes through a wondering crowd of squaws who are up early doing the work while the warriors sleep, weary after last night's chase. She goes straight to a little cove by the river and springs quickly into the small boat in which she rapidly skims across the river to where yon cliff uprears its awful form. She has climbed its dizzy height and now stands boldly upright on its very edge, looking calmly down.

But hark! she is singing and gently waving her hand:—

"Why should I in sorrow linger,
Why repine in gloomy sadness?
Let me go!
Spirit of the land of shadows,
Free me from this horrid thraldom.
Death, I woo thee as my lover,
For I hear Toolwa call me
And I come to Wahrantunga,
To the lodge fire of Manitou,
To the happy land of spirits,
In that land of fruits and flowers,
Fruits that never leave us hungry,
Flowers that never fade and wither,
We will take our rest together,
Gladly, sweetly, rest together.
Short shall be my passage to thee,
Brief shall be my unseen journey,
To thy happy home in cloudland
To thy hunting ground in southland;
And when once again I meet thee,
When again I gladly greet thee
None shall sunder none shall sever,
With thee I shall be forevr!
Toolwa! I come!"

This said, she sprang from her dizzy perch and found a liquid grave. And the legend goes that often as the Sioux pass along here they faintly hear the maiden's dying song.

A FRESHMAN'S EXPERIENCE.

When told I would pass on leaving grade eight
To High School I went in a frown.
I had some misgivings in what I had heard
And had a cold chill—all the
way
down.

They said 'twas so hard and they work you to death
In Latin as taught by Miss Brown,
Till my courage it failed and my fate I bewailed
Had another chill—all the
way
down.

Others mentioned the fact of the "Easy Red Book"
That anyone can learn in the town,
My courage returned but when truth was unfurled
Had an awful chill—all the
way
down.

Cheer up said the girls, be a Nero of Rome,
Show courage and display it around,
To your room you can go but look out for zero.
Had another chill—all the
way
down.

It was all very different to what I'd been told,
As a Freshman, I played the clown.
As I'm now at the top where I'll soon be a "Soph."
No more chills—all the
way
down.

A GHOST STORY.

Gay shouts of laughter echoed through the old house. Merry feet ran up and down the stair-ways. Doors slammed, chairs were moved about, and a general confusion reigned, for this was a merry house party gathered at this picturesque, rambling, country home to spend their vacation.

The principal ones of the group were a boy and a girl, Rob and Marie, who were rivals for the leadership. They were always trying to out-do each other in planning amusements and on this particular afternoon, both were busily engaged in thinking up some new diversion. At last Rob rose, a victorious smile on his face, as he left the room.

The evening was stormy and the young people smiled in comfort as they heard the winds howling and shrieking down the chimneys. Rob was gone from the circle, but for the once, none missed him.

At last, someone started a ghost story, then followed such hair-raising and improbable stories that the girls, excepting Marie and several others, were almost hysterical. At that moment Rob came in. "Telling ghost stories? That's all very well but, I think seeing them is much better. As I came through town last week I heard of a haunted house right in this neighborhood." At this, all asked for the story. "No," said Rob, "you must come and see it."

Some of the more timid stayed, among them was Glenn Weldon; this was a surprise to all as Glenn was considered almost as daring as Rob, but no, he said he wasn't going out in the cold just to look at a ghost. So about ten of the young folks left their cozy firesides to hunt for the ghost.

Rob led them out into the dark yard and into the still darker road, over ditches, through lanes, over fences, until only a few feet in front of them could be dimly discerned the black, misty outline of a house.

"Behold the haunted house," exclaimed Rob, dramatically, as he waved his lantern and led on to the door.

The door was unlocked and, after taking the lantern in first, he bid them all enter.

The wind shrieked down the chimneys, causing the doors to rattle and the windows to shake until many were sorry they had left their comfortable fireside for this cheerless place, for the room was entirely bare of anything except a long bench.

With a, "We will now wait for his royal ghostship," Rob sat down on one end of the bench while the others quickly followed suit. They waited and waited and waited. Still moaned the wind; still rattled the doors, still shook the windows, and still they waited.

At last a hair-raising screach was heard from the stair, the door slowly creaked on its hinges, and, with great clanging of iron chains, a tall majestic figure stalked into the room. After a short pause in which it seemed to be piercing the thoughts, it began to pace back and forth with slow measured footsteps, the chains clanging at every step until many of the young people could stand it no longer and fled precipitately from the ghostly presence.

Marie was the first to recover from the alarm and with a, "Lets see what the boys are doing;" she opened the door a wea little bit, while the others closely surrounded her eagerly trying to see into the dimly lighted room. The ghost was still pacing up and down the quiet room; all at once it began to speak in deep sepulchral tones, "I was not ever thus; in my youth I was as merry as you: I laughed; I sang; now I pass up and down the earth a spirit." The ghost had uttered the last words in such a curdling tone that many of the girls were frightened almost into hysterics. Not so, Marie, for as the ghost finished his cries, she started forward crying, "No, Glenn Weldon you were not ever thus, in your youth you walked on feet, not on stilts," and quickly approaching him, she pulled away the sheats, revealing Glenn on a high pair of stilts.

A great shout went up as they realized that Marie had outwitted them all.

Crestfallen, Rob led the merry party homeward, while ever and anon, Marie, in a theatrical voice would exclaim, "I was not ever thus, in my youth I was as merry as you."

BLANCHE G. MILLER.





MANSFIELD HIGH SCHOOL.---Group No. 2.



THE PESTILENCE.

Now in the days of the reign of Teddy the Good, there was a terrible plague abroad in the region round about the Tabernacle of Mansfield High School. And many families there were greviously afflicted and sundry of the inhabitants thereof became sore afraid. Then did the wise and learned doctors of that place assemble together and take council. And they did forbid some of the people to leave their dwellings. Yea! verily the consternation was great in that place. But the people did not do according as they had been commanded, but left their homes secretly and walked in the market place. And often perchance it came to pass that some of the inhabitants of that place passed by these people unwittingly. So the plague was spread abroad. And the people came and went, but the learned doctors knew nothing thereof.

Then it happened that sundry of the inhabitants thereof became sore-afflicted with the disease. Then again did the wise doctors assemble together and also the learned school board. And they made this decree, "Thou shalt be vaccinated." And it came to pass that on the next day in the Tabernacle of Mansfield High School, Hall, who was surnamed "The Jolly," arose and called the young men and maidens together and spoke unto them with a loud voice saying, "The Board of Education hath decreed that none of ye shall enter this place of learning after the twenty-first day of November, in the year of our Lord, nineteen hundred and seven if ye be not vaccinated. And verily I say unto ye that upon him who doth not so, shall a sentence come; and there shall be weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth, and the sorrow will be great in his house." And there was great confusion among the pupils of Mansfield High School and there was much murmuring among them. "My father and my mother have decreed that I shall not be vaccinated." "My parents say that they will take me from this Tabernacle of Learning."

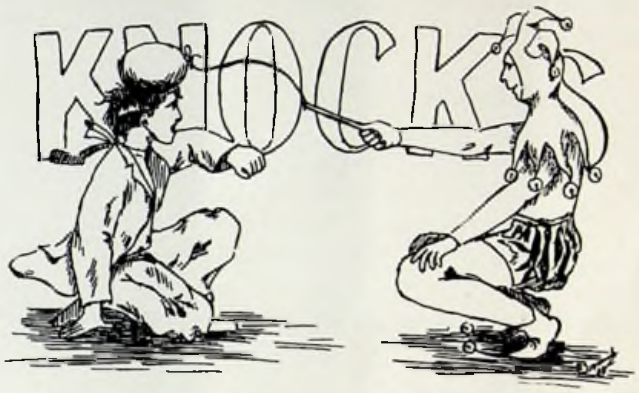
And yet again while they were talking one with the other, came Hall, The Jolly, unto them and spoke to them in this wise; "Rejoice and be exceeding glad! For the wise and learned board hath said that they will accept excuses from vaccination on account of weakness. But to him who had neither an excuse nor a vaccination certificate, let him go and take his journey to the land of his fathers and abide with them." And there arose a great shout among the people and they were glad in their hearts because these things were so. But many there were who had neither an excuse nor a vaccination certificate and they went and abode in the land of their fathers. Many also returned to the Tabernacle of Learning and labored there as was their wont and brot forth much fruit of their labors.

PRIZES.

PRIZE FOR DRAWING - - - -	JOHN MORGAN
PRIZE FOR STORY - - - -	WINIFRED ANGLE
PRIZE FOR POEM - - - - -	GEORGE BIDDLE

M. H. S. Rah! Rah!
M. H. S. Rah! Rah!
Boom jig boom
Boom jig bah!
Boom jig a rig a jig!
Boom! Boom!! Bah!!!
Mansfield High School!
Rah! Rah! Rah!

COLORS: --- Red and White.



GRINDS.

TO ONE AND ALL.

If you don't receive a roast,
Do not boast!
You don't deserve the brains,
And the pains,
It takes to write a verse,
Bad or worse.

And you who get a roast,
Do not boast!
You're not the sweetest gum drop
In the shop.
We give you folks a place,
To fill space.

Two things that will take a pupil through high school:
Faculty of Working.
Working of Faculty.

Miss Simpson—Describe the assassination of Caesar.

Pupil—Caesar was stabbed in the back, and in the confusion which followed the assassin escaped.

Little Jack Horner
Sat in a corner
Finding the value of Pi
Though his work was a sight,
The teacher said, "That is right."
And he thought, "What a smart boy am I."

Miss Aberle—Will the absent scholars please go to the office and get excuses.

Mr. Agler—"What have I in my head when I say H_2O?"
Student—"Water."
Mr. Agler—"Correct."

FOUND IN AN OLD PHYSICS BOOK.

If there should be another flood,
To you I then would fly;
For though the world would be submerged,
I know you'd still be dry.

A little flunking now and then,
Is done by e'en the best of men.

You have to pay some people to be good, but the Seniors are "good for nothing."

The pupils of the Mansfield High School wish to thank all the kind friends who assisted in the obsequies of our old friend, "The Demerit System."

Now I lay me down to rest,
To study hard I've done my best;
If I should die before I wake
I'll have no more exams to take.

Teacher—"What is space?"
Freshman—"I cannot tell but I have it in my head."

Which shall it be, which shall it be?
I looked at Carl; Will looked at me.

—Irene K.

Miss Stine—"Have you any corrections to make on that recitation?"
James C.—"It's too hot in here."

IN MEMORIAM.

Yes, she is dead! I know 'tis sad,
To lose a friend so dear;
But teachers; a word of comfort,
For death she had no fear.

I know not where she was born and reared,
But she dwelt in Mansfield High,
Was here two short years, I think,
And then was compelled to die.

Ah! pupils, why do you not lament,
As her funeral knell you ring?
Why did that Senior softly cry,
"Oh Death, where is thy sting?"

Though scholars laugh and shout in glee,
(Prof. Hall can scarcely bear it,)
And now I'll tell you the reason why,
Her name was Miss Dee Merit.

Josephine Lemon—(In German) The slater fell off the roof. Bertha followed.

Wm. Black—Shakespeare had three children. Two were twins and the other one wasn't.

Freshman—The more I read about it, the less I know.
Prof.—You must have read considerable.

Way down upon that awful record,
Zeros abound,
There's where my thoughts are wandering ever,
There's where my fate is found.

Miss Ruess—Give Singular and Plural of "Tag."
Virginia S.—Tagen, tagte, getagt.

Lloyd B.—(telling story of Romeo and Juliet). "I guess Juliet was the daughter of her father."

Mr. B.—"A horse does not necessarily have to be an animal."

A PUNN.

One night while studying for the coming exams, I became very tired and had a severe (Payne) in my head. Unconsciously I fell asleep and as I slept I dreamed a strange dream.

A ship was making ready to start on a voyage. As I stood on the shore looking longingly at the boat an old (Seaman) approached me and to my joy and wonderment, asked me to accompany them on the trip. Very quickly I consented, for I had neither friends nor home where I now was, and soon we were (Sail)ing far out on the sea. The beginning of the voyage was (Fair) and I enjoyed it to the fullest extent. During the first day out I employed my time in learning from my friend the art of (Angle)ing; and I watched with interest the (Netting) of the (Finney) fish and (Herring). But toward evening the clouds began to gather and before midnight we were having in its worst form, one of those well known sea (Showers) and farther on in the night we were being tossed about in our berths by the (Lash)ing of the waves. The air blew colder, and covered the decks with (Hale). (Bange)!—we were all on the alert, and in ten minutes the decks were swarming. It was ascertained that the noise was caused by the breaking of a (Steele) (Barr) that held the (Sheets). When all was quiet once (Moore) it was discovered that we were nearing land. Our compass showed us the fact that we had been driven two (Miles) from our course, but we, after some time, decided to put out for the opposite shore. On landing, I separated from the rest of the party and after refreshing myself with a few (Berry)s, started in search of adventure. I found running along my path, footprints of a (Wolf), or (Fox), I knew not which, but determined to follow them and to my amusement, they led straight to a (Cave), over-grown by (Long) vines and moss. I entered but was first struck by the (Au)ful (Black) darkness; but after my eyes became accustomed to the inky blackness, I made out the various forms about me and to my amazement found that I was in the den of some wild animal. The remains of his unfortunate prey still could be seen. A (Hawk), and a (Martin) lay near me while a short distance away was the body of a (Mink), stiff and (Stark) in death. I drew my (Sword) for protection and quickly retraced my steps. As I again took up my tramp, I heard in the distance the ringing of a (Bell). As this was the Sabbath, I at once set out in that direction, hoping to reach some (Berger) town, perhaps a city. After climbing a steep hill by the help of (Branches) and (Underwood), I was at last able to catch a view of the city which lay before me. On my approach, I met a queer looking fellow, (Waring) the garb of a (Switzer), who greeted me with "Guten (Morgan)." I inquired which of the two (Rhoads) to pursue, bade him good day, and pursued my way. Ahead, I could discern the beautiful stone (Gates) of various (Hughes), which opened into the city parks. I entered and after stopping some time to rest, went quickly to the town and found out that I was in the city of Mansfield. I was overjoyed, for it was my former

home. The first thing familiar was the meeting of my old (Krohn)ie, Johnson, who (Wood) persist in taking me in his auto, sightseeing over the city. We passed a group of queer looking (Holmes) which, I was informed, were the houses of our retired bachelor teachers. Farther on, in a pretty boulevard were some (Moorehouse)s which were the property of Mr. Agler. After an hour or so we rode back to the hotel of my host, the name of which was the (King). The (Cook) in this hotel was certainly a fine one for the (Kooken) was of the best, and I found out later that he used a (Baxter) stove. After the repast we went into the library to discuss the current events. At a short distance from us sat two men loudly discussing over their (Stines) of (Beer) the (Lynching) of a man who, it turned out, was a (Kuhn). Not wishing to listen to the outcome of this we took a hasty departure. We turned our steps toward the church just in time for midday services. The (Bishop) of the (Parish) was none other than Leo McCollough. After the services I was introduced to a visiting (Abbot), and many of the (Lehman). That evening we heard a loud uproar in the square which on investigation proved to be a fight of two ruffians; but the arrival of the district (Marshall) and (Sheriff) put an end to this scene. Later, our appetites were pretty well sharpened, we had a light lunch of small (Boals) of soup and dish of (Costard), and a few minutes later found us hurrying to a concert to be given in the public (Hall). The first on the program was a selection by Paul the (Fiedler) entitled, "(Massa)s in the Cold, Cold Ground," with variations. Following this was a stunt by an eminent cake (Walker). The next was a selection, on a (Vose) piano, entitled (Harts) Desire, by Monsieur (Jack-son) of a local German artist, who when questioned as to where he received his education, replied, (O! Berlin) of course. After a closing address by Prof. (Ware) the concert was brought to a close. As it was not yet late we decided to visit the old mill, as the (Miller) was an old friend of my father's. He was an interesting creature, whose one by-word was "great (Scott)." While returning home we passed a field, whose (End-ly) near the road and I could see that the reaper the farmer had been using, was a (McCormick). When we reached the hotel once more we were very fatigued and were glad to sit under the cool trees and rest our weary bones. We were joined by another who was a very good entertainer and for some time held our attention with the relating of an unsuccessful attempt of burglary on the part of some (Porch) climbers, a few nights previous. The place of pilfry was the man's house but happily for him and his valuables, he was able to overpower the burglar and to get possession of a fire (Arm, strong) as flint and a few (Rust)y safe breakers which he showed us in great triumph. An (Appleman) passing the place, sold us a few apples. When we offered him less than they were (Worth) he answered, (Nix on) that, and quickly handing us a (Lemon) made his way down the street. After his departure our friend suggested the idea of taking a trip on the en(Cline) to the art studio. There we saw many of (Harris) on (Fisher)'s paintings; but on close examination they just looked to me like a canvas full of (Dobbs). From somewhere in the distance I heard a whirring sound and was just on the verge of asking my friend what it was, when I suddenly awoke and found that the sound was that of the alarm clock, striking six thirty A. M. As that morning was German exam, I feel that this dream accounts for my German grade.

GRINDS---Continued.

I hate to seek my couch at night,
Beneath the snowy spread,
Because I have to lift my feet
And put them in the bed.
—J. Cox.

Vera C.—(translating), "Her eyes were opening and shutting for she lay dead."

Miss Brown—"Leo, what are the four essentials to decline a noun?"
Leo McG.—"The principal parts."

K. Baxter—(in French), "We are all good for soup."

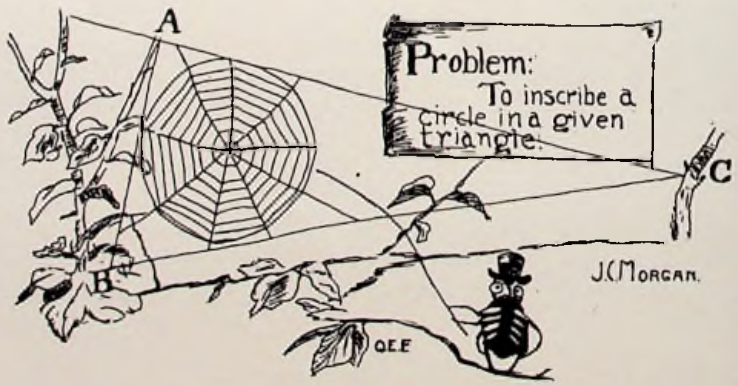
First Freshie—"Where did you get that cane?"
Second Freshie—"One of the Seniors raised it the other night.

I give my dainty little laugh,
My little jig I dance,
In fact, I do most anything,
The maidens to entrance.
—Roger Au.

Miss Moore—"Thomas, all you have done in geometry this year is to occupy a seat.

Raymond Lantz—(translating), "She shrank together."

Miss Feldner—(to Freshman class); "Did you ever know you had a neuter heart?"



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GRINDS---Continued.

HIGH SCHOOL WEATHER SIGNALS.

When Edward Reichards studies for five minutes in succession it will be a cold day.

When a review of current events is announced for opening excercises prepare for a dry spell.

When Miss Brown calls on Gordon J. for a translation there will be a perfect calm, followed by a storm.

When Mr. Hall presides at a classmeeting, look out for high wind.

When black paint is seen over the south entrance, expect thunder.

When Martha Sheriff says, "I don't know," there will be a change.

When Mr. Blankenhorn combs his hair there will be an electrical display in the upper regions.

When you see a young Freshie with Websterian brow and sedate countenance passing through the halls with "the tread of a cat," it will be Rainey.

The person who rides a pony
Throughout his High School course,
Will never have a kingdom
To give up for a horse.

SCENE IN PHYSICS.

Mr. Agler—(turning the handle of a machine); "This machine is turned by a crank."

"A friend must bear a friend's infirmities." Therefore, the Physics class will continue to listen to Irene Smith's talking.

All good boys love their sisters,
But I so good have grown,
That I love other boys' sisters
As well as I love my own.

—Chas. Stecker.

It is reported that Mr. Blankenhorn is writing a novel. We wonder who the heroine will be.

Beware ye men teachers of the M. H. S., for this is leap year and something may fall upon you with a proposition, and great will be the fall thereof.

Stage Manager - - - - VANCE JUDSON.

HIGH ORPHEUM.

MATINEE DAILY

FROM SEPT. 9, 1907. TO JUNE 5, 1908

1. I MAY BE CRAZY BUT I AIN'T NO FOOL
M. H. S. Orchestra.

2. THE LIVING DOLLS.
George Leonard and Paul Shafer.

3. SOLO—"A LEMON IN THE GARDEN OF LOVE.
By Josephine.

4. OUR FAMOUS ACROBATS—Need no Introduction.
Ruth Gadsby and Maude Jones.

5. "IN DAGO LAND."
Howard Leppo and Harry Lynch.

6. SONG—"EVERYDAY IS LADY'S DAY."
By Russell Vose.

7. MENAGERIE.
Tame Bugs—The Millers.
Trained Wolf and Educated Fox.

8. THE THREE LIVING LANGUISHING GRACES.
Kinton, Kern, Martin.

9. THEY KEEP THE PIG IN THE PARLOR.
M. H. S. Orchestra.

GRINDS---Continued.

If "ignorance is bliss" what wonder some of the Seniors wear such broad smiles!

HEARD IN HISTORY.

Mohammed introduced Christianity into England.

The Ironsides was a vessel of Oliver Cromwell and was so called because of its iron sides.

The rise of Russia was principally on land.

Turkey rose out of a swamp.

The age of Pericles was the time that Pericles lived and threw out his light.

Mr. Agler—(in Physics); "Along came the wind."

A fool can ask questions that a wise man can't answer. Perhaps that's the reason that so many of us flunk.

Sing a song of Freddy L.,
Thoughts are all of girls;
Went to call on her that night,
How he loved her curls!
When the door was opened,
The girl began to sing;
Freddy turned and ran away,
Silly, silly thing.

Wm. Black– (translating); "The colonnades were marching along.

Mr. Bellingham—[in music]: "Don't look at me in that tone."

Lorian Cook—[translating in Latin]: "The battlefield was covered with corpses the day before the battle."

Boy—[to Miss Stine, after she had told the class to select days for papers:] "May I make a date with you?"

Miss Stine—[becoming alarmed]: "Oh, mercy, no!"

Miss Ruess—[in German]: "If all the girls in High School could speak German fluently, what expression would they be most likely to use?"

Albertine Lang—"Ich habe ein a –er–, I don't know what the word for case is."

Freshman—(translating): "My faithful dog looks exactly like me.

The greatest pair of suspenders in Mansfield—H. E. Hall, H. L. Creveling.

Alice Barton's favorite river in history—(Reo) Grande.

To some a nail means nothing,
Just something that they see;
But a certain Nail I know of
Means more than that to me.
—Thos. Scott.

M. H. S. DIARY.

Sept. 19—One of the Freshmen fell downstairs.
Sept. 22—Prof. Hall delivered his first lecture on hall order.
Sept. 29—Will Irwin stood still for two minutes.
Oct. 6—Fred Langdon has developed a new "case." Isn't serious.
Oct. 10—Mr. Agler said, "That's it."
Oct. 15—Everett R. was seen without Rhea LaDow.
Oct. 19—Martin Jelliff recited in Literature.
Oct. 23—Elizabeth Pfhenning was heard to speak twice in the same day.
Oct. 31—Floy Campbell got to school on time.
Nov. 8—Margaret Tanner was so well prepared today that it was only necessary to look in her book twice.
Nov. 15—Lloyd Barr edited his first book in Physics.
Dec. 7—Katherine Baxter forgot to talk in Physics class.
Dec. 21—The doctor advised Howard Leppo to go to Findlay to cure heart disease.
Jan. 9—Fred Langdon did not look in the looking-glass all day.
Jan. 26—Only sixty-five flunked in exams.
Feb. 1—Miss Ruess was ill-natured.
Feb. 6—Four pupils were tardy this morning and Miss Miller never said a word.
March 2—Jean Micheal had a vague idea of who elected the mayor of the city.
March 11—For some cause or other Russel failed to escort Mary to class.
March 17—Wilbur L. recited fluently in German.



Something hard to find:
A Senior without dignity.
A Junior without too much knowledge.
A Sophomore without conceit.
and, A Freshman without greenness.

Mr. Blankenhorn—"Marion, what are the three divisions of Greece?"
Marion R.—(not thinking) "Lard, axle-grease and machine-oil."

Mr. Holmes wishes all the girls to keep their eyes on him.

"I fear you are forgetting me,
She said in tones polite,
I am indeed for getting you,
That's why I came tonight."

Charles Sheriff—(in class meeting): "I'm so busy I can't run.

Teachers ought to remember when assigning our lessons "Man wants but little here below, nor wants that little, long."

Virginia S. astonished the Physics class one day by declaring that she had seen a kettle sing.

I will leave large foot prints on the sands of time.—D. Brucker.

Lotta Branch gives us the astounding information in French class that in a French railroad train they have separate compartments where you can remain single.

Sophomore Class—Unfurnished heads to let.

Test Days—The saddest days of all the year.

Faculty Meetings—Circumstances over which we have no control.

Library—A place for cultivating friendships. No studying allowed.

Grades—A mysterious system of mathematics known only to the teacher.

Prof. in Physics—Give an example to illustrate the fact that heat expands and cold contracts.
Student—The days are longer in Summer than in Winter.

Miss Simpson—Hazel, who was Caedmon?
Hazel P.—He was the guy who went out in the barn and had a vision.

OUR FRIENDS, THE ADVERTISERS.

PROFESSIONAL KNOCKERS—Any and everybody knocked with neatness and dispatch.

H. LYNCH, PHYSICIAN — No case too difficult. Night work a specialty.

Position desired as a clown with a reputable circus. Naturally adapted for the work.

MARK BELL.

WANTED—Position as messenger by James Leonard. Thoroughly acquainted with the down-town districts.

Beautiful complexion on tap. I have the best thing in the skin line on the market.

MILDRED CLARK.

I wish to state that I have changed my studyroom from 1 to 2. Margaret please take notice.

VANCE JUDSON.

LADIES, ATTENTION! I am marriageable, young, intelligent beyond the average. Desire open correspondence with a serious minded young woman.

LEE BAXTER.

DITWILER & AU—Matrimonial specialists and match-makers. Office hours 1 till won.

TO LET—Two spacious rooms in my upper story.

VERNON KERN.

LOST—A gold locket containing picture of Rhea LaDow; intrinsic value slight compared with its past associations. Finder please return and receive reward.

EVERETT RUNYAN.

WANTED—A case.

FOX & TERMAN, Attys. at Law.

FOR SALE—Encyclopedia containing tons of knowledge and 32,000 words of not less than ten syllables. I have no further use for it.

GEORGE BIDDLE.

AGENTS WANTED—I am in possession of a system by which I accumulate large quantities of learning practically without labor.

LLOYD BARR.

JUD COX—Fashions, anything you want to wear.

GRINDS---Continued.

ALPHABET.

A is for Aberle, Abbott and Agler,
Each willing to help along any poor straggler.

B is for Brown, our good Latin teacher,
Whose translation of Caesar is a notable feature.

C is for Carson, of Math'matical lore,
We highly esteem her, she wishes no more.

D is for Demerits of which many abound,
And wherever there are Freshies, they're sure to be found.

E is for English, Blankenhorn's pride,
From whom no one, bad lessons can hide.

F is for Feldner, full of humor and fun,
Happy she is when your lessons are done.

G is for G'ometry, that study so fearful,
Many who begin it are sure to end tearful.

H is for Holmes, in Arithmetic wise,
Filled with figures clear up to his eyes.

I is for Ideas, a good many, y' know,
Flying about like loose flakes of snow.

J is for jokes, the practical kind,
'Tis quite likely, a High School one you will find.

K is for Knowledge, for which we all seek,
It's sometimes obtained by methods unique.

L is for Library, a place which is sought,
By those who would verify what they're taught.

M stands for the Millers and also Miss Moore,
All three located on No. II floor.

N is for Nothing, which cannot be found,
Inside M. H. S. or anywhere round.

O is for Oration, which we all enjoy,
Given under Miss Swaim by an M. H. S. boy.

P is for Pupil—not part of the eye,
But that studious person which you everywhere spy.

Q stands for the Quarrels which seldom occur,
Between our members, wherever they are.

R is for Miss Ruess our good German teacher,
Who knows as much German as any other creature.

S is for Simpson, Swaim, Snyder and Stine,
Each one a teacher, as we come up the line.

T is for Trouble, which none of us know,
For what could worry good girls and boys so.

U is for Us, the whole M. H. S.
And all should honor, respect us and bless.

V is for Victory; we work with our might,
Ever beneath the dear Red and the White.

W is for Waugh, a studyroom keeper,
Who's a very great hindrance to any fun-seeker.

X Y and Z are unknown, you see,
Kindly work out and find what they may be.

Miss Ruess informed us that on almost every examination paper instead of "der Adler" (eagle) she found "der Agler."

Mr. Bellingham—Are you a musician?
W. Harbeson—Well -er-er I lay some claim to the fact.
Mr. B.—Well, I am glad to hear it. Miss Wheeler is about to play and I would be very glad if you would turn the music for her.

DO YOU KNOW?

Why is Clara Long?
Why is Maude A. Walker?
What gave Martha Payne?
Whom did Elenor Robb?
Why is Bertha Frank?
Warum ist Helen Klein?
What is Marie Waring?
What makes Helen Brown?
Why isn't Charles Sheriff?
What did Helen Steele?
Whether Edwin Boals?
Is Ruth Kooken?
Who gave Charlotte Moore?
Is Mary Old?

Miss Aberle and Miss Abbot were out walking last fall and on seeing a surveyor's instrument across the street, Miss Aberle said eagerly: "Hurry up Emily! We don't want to get into that picture."

New Year Resolutions.

Smoke more and study less. —David B.	Not allow my girl to go abroad again. —Herbert D.	To get a girl who will go with me. —Wilbur L.	To laugh and grow fatter. —Marie W.
I will become famous. —W. Black.	To butt in oftener. —Margaret T.	To show the world what I know. —Marie B.	I will make my classes work harder. —Mr. Miller
Not to expel any more pupils this year. —Mr. Hall.	That I will be a bachelor. —E. Terman.	Not to talk so much —Mary D.	To be more quiet. —Josephine L.
To seek pleasure alone. —Pearl B.	Never to leave any more letters in my books. —H. Hipp.	To take life easy. —Frank Fox.	To use powder. —C. Oberlin.

GRINDS---Continued.

Clarence Martin—[in History]: "The people were surprised to see a runner approaching on foot.

Scholar—Where can I find a good description of a war galley?
Mr. Blankenhorn—A war gallery? Well, just look half way through the back of Ben Hur.

If lessons are recited bad
What helps a teacher's frown?
Just persevere and ne'er get mad,
Work on with smile like wise, Miss Brown.

Miss A.—(in German class): "What does 'Ich weisz nicht' mean?"
Miss B.—"I don't know."
Later to her classmate. "Miss C., do tell me what 'Ich weisz nicht' means."
Classmate—"I don't know."
Miss A.—"Well who does know, anyway?

Roger Au is thinking of giving a lecture on "How to Become Popular with the Girls."

What shall I do or say to be forever known?—Herbert D.

Wanted—Information in regard to the easiest way to dispose of Everett when Ralph comes back The informer will be generously paid by Rhea LaD.

Wanted—A girl without a sting. Ed. Palmer, Roger Au and Wilbur Lindsey.

Howard S. likes the Algebra prime factor 23 the best.

Once a sweet Freshie by the name of Leona,
Had a case on a modern young Jonah.
His first initial is J, his second C,
Now could you guess who this Jonah could be.

Who could tell for what great cause, this darling of the gods was born.
—L. Cook.

"Clara Long must be a man hater."
"Why?"
"Because she informed the Physics class that the diving bell was a good thing to send men down with."

Miss Feldner—"What are the four seasons?"
James W.—Salt, pepper, mustard and vinegar.

"Peaches" the favorite fruit of some of the Senior class.

Miss Stine—"Let us talk on current events."
Voice from the back of the room—Loudonville went dry.

Marie Marick—(in Latin): "Aeneas spoke from the depths of his couch."

I love its giddy gurgle,
I love its fluent flow,
I love to wind my mouth up,
I love to hear it go.
—Hazel Hammett.

Professor—(to pupil who had been coming in late). "Good morning Willie, I'm glad to see you early of late, you used to be behind before, but now you are first at last."

Boy Lost—Leo Shonfield, lost on the way home from sleighing party Saturday morning. More information on this matter can be received at News office. Reward 10 cents.

Mary had a little lamb,
It went to school a chewing;
When it arrived
The teacher saw that something new was brewin',
And when she saw 'twas chewing gum,
She said, "I hate to ask it—
But take that gum right out of your mouth,
And put it in the basket."

Paul Fiedler tells of a thrilling experience while out hunting recently. On his way home a thunder storm came up and he sought shelter under a tree. A severe flash of lightning struck him on the cheek, glanced off and killed a cow three fourths of a mile away.

Handle them carefully,
Wax them with care
They're Jud's first burnsides
And he can't spare a hair.

Boys: A good way to find a girl out is to call when she isn't in.

As sunshine follows shadows,
So laughter follows tears.
And Paul F's sweet face smiles again
When dear little Mary appears.

Fiddle Back was:

A companion of Goldsmith's in the tavern where Goldsmith formed a club which met for story telling and singing of ballads.

A name applied to himself in the army.

Uncle Contariner's daughter. She and Oliver used to play together on their instruments when young.

One of Goldsmith's associates.

(Fiddle Back was Goldsmith's horse.)

I'd like to be a Senior
And with the Seniors stand
A fountain pen behind my ear
And notebook in my hand.
Oh, then how much pleasure
I'm sure that it would bring,
To be a mighty Senior,
And never do a thing.

In German: Why do I stand here so slowly.

If life is earnest, if life is real,
If the grave is not its goal,
Prof. Hall, you'll be missing,
When the angel calls the roll.

PERSONAL TALKS WITH OUR GIRLS.

Louise J.—By no means! It will make your cheeks rosy, but will, in time ruin your complexion.

Elizabeth P.—No it is not considered an impropriety to speak to a young man.

Margaret S.—If the young man did not tip his hat, I certainly would not speak to him again.

Josephine L.—No I would not use slang if I could find a good English word to express my thought.

Mary B.—(1). If you have been going with the young gentleman so long, and he has never kissed you, I would consider the case hopeless.

(2). Not at all! If you love the young man and can support him why not tell him so.

Margaret T.—Do so without delay. If you really love him ask his parents' consent to pay your attentions to their son. It will be too late next year.

Miss Carson—So far as we know he is a nice, well educated, handsome young man, even if he does wear a moustache.

Pupil—"Are you going to wear any thing in your hair tonight?"
Mary Dunham—"A rat."

Earl Bushnell thinks that Hazel Hammett would make a good pianist because her hands are the right size to play with.

OUT OF THE MOUTH OF SHAKESPEARE.

D. Willis—He is a dreamer, let us leave him.

L. Barr—We hold our time too precious to be spent with such a babbler.

Mr. Miller you have a lean and hungry look.

Mr. Hall—It is a good divine that follows his own instructions.

W. Lindsey—God made him, therefore let him pass for a man.

W. Hess—The love that follows us is sometimes our trouble.

H. Lynch—Honorable ladies sought my love.

FRED'S GIRLS.

I fell in love with Lotta,
Till Pauline came to town,
I shook them both for Helen P.
But soon I threw her down—
My heart went out to "Doddy,"
But switched again to Paul.,
At last came Helen Shireman
She's the best of them all.

"I see your ears are pierced," said he,
On conversation bent,
"Oh, no," she said, "they're only bored."
I wonder what she meant.

Vance Judson wants the inscription on his tombstone to read, "This is on me."

He—"Are you going to the reception?"
She—(smiling), "Why-y-no."
He—"Neither am I."

Mr. Miller—"The ink froze in my fountain pen last night."
Miss Feldner—"Where did you have it?"
Mr. Miller—"In my left vest pocket."
Miss Feldner—"My but you must have a cold heart."

She—(out walking): "Mercy, my low shoes are full of water."
He—"You should have worn your pumps."

Una Crum—(in English, speaking of Keats): "In the latter part of his life he only lived about two years."

Mr. Miller—"Where is the rest of the class?"
Wm. Black—(entering): "Here!"

She has a tin voice. One time she sang with tears in her voice and it rusted.
—M. Waring.

Miss Stine—"Where were the kings of England crowned?"
Pupil– "On their heads."

Maxim of Seniors—If you don't know, guess.

'Tis a Senior's foresight gives me mystical lore,
'Tis a coming event casts its "sparkle" before.
—Senior speaking of Miss Stine.

A noted Knote wrote a note to a noted teacher of M. H. S.

What's the use of lovin' if you can't love all the time.—Cox & McCormick.

Gratitude—Mr. Miller.

Hot Tamales—M. Endly.

In Monkeyland—M. Patterson.

I'm afraid to go home in the dark—Y. Dirlam.

Where is my wandering boy tonight?—C. Sheriff.

I like your style—L. Jones.

Brainstorm Rag—C. Branch.

And then we had another one—F. Langdon.

Somebody lied—H. Leppo.

I don't know where I'm going, but I'm on my way—M. Jelliff.

Let it alone—D. Brucker.

In case of dissappointed just call around on me—W. Lindsey.

I'd like to lock you in my heart—M. Bowers.

Say, kid be sweet to me—M. Pickering.

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ARNOLD KALLMERTEN, JOHN H. BRISTOR.

AFTER.

Now, we've printed the paper.
Have you read it thro'?
If so, did you discover
That all the jokes were new?
Have you seen the sketches?
Are the stories good, say you?

Most of the poems are parodies,
That we will confess.
But we hope that you'll take pity,
And read them, none the less,
For we, I'm sure, did all we could
To make it a success.

Now, after you've read this poem,
Please, at mistakes, don't laugh;
For it's all that's left of
The High School Annual Staff.



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R. VOSE, Business Manager. V. JUDSON, Assistant Bus. Manager. M. JELLIFF, Athletic Editor. C. BRANCH, Art Editor.

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Miss Mabel Carson. Miss Margaret Feldner.



THE END


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OUR
ADVERTISERS

Potter,

Photographer,

131½ N. Park Street.

The Leader in Styles.

"How do you spell 'expediency'?" he asked, dipping his pen in the ink and hesitating.

"You spelled it right—x-p-d-n-c—that's the simplified form."

Excited Wife—"Oh! Professor, the cook has fallen and broken her collar bone."

Professor—Discharge her at once. You told her what to expect if she broke anything more."

"I am afraid your wife will loose her voice."

"I wish I could share your fears, Doctor."

Eastern Nephew—"How about potato crops out your way uncle? Do they get very large?"

Western Uncle—"Well I should say they did. I remember one farmer that dug a potato and used the cavity it grew in as a cellar."

THE SINGER COMPANY

IS PERMANENT.

Beware of unscrupulous dealers who offer second-hand Singer Machines and Wheeler & Wilson's as new.

SINGER STORE IN YOUR OWN CITY,

58 N. Main Street.

Both Phones. H. B. LEWIS, Manager.

Here are the Reasons Why

every Mansfield family should use Brown's HUNGARIAN Flour:

¶ It is a Mansfield product---keep your money at home, where it will come back to you.

¶ It is the best GRADE of flour sold in Mansfield---no other flour even PRETENDS to be as good.

¶ It is wholesome---analysis show it contains more nutriment in proportion to the cost than any other food product known.

¶ It is clean and pure---the wheat is scoured by machinery and washed by steam---and then is not touched by human hand until you open the sack in your own kitchen.

¶ It is always even and uniform---24 sets of steel rolls, and the finest of silk sieves make it so.

¶ The small extra amount you pay for it is more than repaid in superior quality and satisfaction.

Get a sack to-day and see for yourself the satisfaction there is in

BROWN'S HUNGARIAN FLOUR.

Bell Ph. 25. THE HICKS BROWN MILLING CO. Home Ph. 25.

HE WANTED TO TRY.

Beck—(despondently) "I said something my wife didn't like and she hasn't spoken to me for two days."

Peck—(eagerly) "Can you remember what it was?"

"What you want to do," said the druggist, as he handed the old doctor the Sarsaparilla, "is to take a dose of this after each meal."

"Yes, suh," was the reply "an' now, will you please, suh, tell me whare I'm gwine ter git de meals?"

Johnnie—"I'll bet if I wasn't here he'd kiss you goodby."

Sister—"You impudent boy! Leave the room this instant."

Teacher—"The trunk is the middle part of the body."

Freddie—"Say ma'am, you ought to go to the circus and see the elephant."



ACCURATE FIT.

There is one thing to have pretty shoes and another thing to have them fit.

"QUEEN QUALITY" Shoes make it possible for every woman to have an accurate fit. In addition the range of choice is so varied that every taste can be pleased.

Let us show you the new styles.

A. R. Clegern.

A Dollar Will Start An Account.

. . The First Step . .

Towards Independence and Prosperity is a Bank Account.

We want to help you; all we ask is that you bring a small deposit to us and you have made your first step to success. . . .

3 Per Cent. Compounded Every Six Months.

Save Today and You Can Spend To-Morrow.

The Citizens National Bank,

Second Door South of Third Street.

Jinks—"That bathing suit is quite a creation, isn't it."

Winks—"Well let's see. A creation is made out of nothing, isn't it. Yes, that's almost a creation."

She—Electricity is a great thing indeed. The paper says before long just by pressing a button we will be able to have everything we want."

He—"Don't believe it'll ever do you much good."

She—"Why not?"

He—"Because you have such a dislike for touching buttons. Look at my shirt for example.

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See Voegele Bro.'s

Atlas Portland Cement,
Vulcanite Rubber Roofing,
and all Masons Supplies.

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PICKERING & JELLIFF,

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The Place to Buy a WATCH, RING, BRACELET, NECKLACE, SOUVENIR SPOON, a fine piece of CHINA, and don't forget the DIAMONDS.

Cor. THIRD and MAIN STS.

MANSFIELD

The Home of

"BANNIGAN"

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RUBBER BOOTS and SHOES.

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"Heavy" Lemon,
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20c. a Meal.

6 Meals for $1.00.

Also have a 3 cent line.

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No. 7 West Third St.,

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Real Estate,
Fire and
Accident Insurance.

FUNNY SAYINGS BY OUR "LITTLE FOLKS."

A fathom is six feet. A fly has a fathom.

Species is kind. A boy must be species to his mother.

Odorless is without a scent. A man who is odorless cannot travel in Europe.

Stranger—"Did a pedestrian pass by here a few minutes ago?"

Farmhand—"No sir, I didn't see any thing like that go by. I've been here hoeing all forenoon, and nothing went by except a man on foot."

"Oh, my friends! There are some spectacles one never forgets!" said a lecturer, after giving a graphic description of a terrible accident he had witnessed. "I'd like to know where they sell them," remarked an old lady in the audience, who was always mislaying her glasses.

See——,

C. Runyan

at 25 Park Ave. West.,

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Gas,
Electric and
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HIGH-GRADE
BUGGIES
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RIGHT PRICES
SEE
Howard Miller,
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Elsie—"What did he do when you told him he must not see you any more."

Ada—"He turned down the light."

"When did you first become acquainted with your husband?"

"The first time I asked him for money after we were married."

Jimson—"An agent came around this morning and wanted to sell me a talking-machine to take with me on my vacation."

Weed—"Did you buy it?"

Jimson—"No, I told him my wife was going along."

COOKSTON BROS.,
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Agents for the Avalon, Pearl, New Limited and Miami Bicycles, and last but not least the worlds famous Bicycle---The Racycle.
Prices from $25.00 to $40.00.
Tires from $4.00 to $9.00.
Repair work a specialty.
Prices and work right. If not right we make it right. Give us a trial and be convinced.
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A trial will convince.

1 oz. 15c.; 2 oz. 25c.

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DRUGGISTS,

36 E. Fourth St., MANSFIELD, OHIO.

HUNG UP?

"I understand that there was a large crowd at the lynching yesterday."

"Yes, business was also suspended."

Mother—Do you think that John will be a credit to the family?

Father—(who pays the bills) "No, I think he will be a large sized debt."

"I'll do something handsome for you," said the doctor; as he removed a wart from the debutante's nose.

"Did he have a leading part?"

"Yes, in the Chorus exit."

John H. Bristor, DENTIST,

2½ South Main St.,

MANSFIELD, - OHIO.

We haven't graduated from 17 Universities, and 13 night schools and 11 correspondence courses, but we have nevertheless obtained the degree of E. S. D. from a grateful public.

E. S. D. stands for EXPERT SHOE DOCTOR, and we have earned the degree by selling shoes just a little better than our patrons can get elsewhere.

The last thing our customers think of doing to their old shoes is to throw them away, then they come and buy another pair.

Ed. G. Lemon.



A club for men and boys
for mutual helpfulness.

* * *

A building dedicated to the
use of men and boys,
for the purpose of development
of the threefold nature
of men,



THE YOUNG MEN'S
CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION,
45 Park Ave., W.

The Young Men's Christian Association is an organization established and supported by the citizens of the city for the purpose of supplying under expert supervision, means of recreation and social intercourse.

The work of the Association is conducted in its different features under the direction of volunteer committees, and seeks to serve men and boys under all conditions and circumstances.



Its gymnasium classes are conducted by a competent physical director, at different times for men and boys, which includes a drill in calesthenic exercises, simple exercises on apparatus, and recreative games.

In its evening school work it seeks to supplement the branches of study taught in the public schools, also to provide the opportunity for those deficient in their education the means by which they can secure an education and at the same time continue in their daily work. 125 men and boys were in these classes last year.

There is a graduated set of charges for the privileges of the Association by which it is sought to meet the needs of men under all conditions. The fees paid by the members, however, provide only a portion of the expenses for running the Association. The balance is provided by contributions, rentals, etc.

WILLIAM DICE, DRUGGIST.

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Agent for the

Original ALLEGRETTI CHOCOLATE CREAMS and CHOCOLATE ALMONDS.

Evangelistic Torrey was speaking to a tent full of people in Chicago on the vices of the rich when he noticed a man in the back of the tent, leaning forward to catch every word and appearing to be much interested. Torrey taking the interest to mean conversion redoubled his efforts. "The road to hell is lined with vintage, wine, beautiful women and fine automobiles," he said. With a sigh of relief the man in the back arose. "O death, where is thy sting?" he said.

Landlady—"The coffee is exhausted Mr. Boarder."

Mr. Boarder—"Well I'm not at all surprised, it's been so weak lately."

Husband—"I see here some fellow says the world is coming to end."

Wife—"Law me! Does he say which end?"

High School
Scholars
Should Eat
"Nonpareil"
Flour.
It is made
in Mansfield
from
Richland County
Wheat.

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The Gallery where up-to-date pictures are made.

The only studio showing the newest creations in the Photographic Art.

Prices the most reasonable.

We invite the graduates and teachers to learn our special prices given to them.

MAIN STREET.

Johnnie—"Mother, tell me how papa got to know you."

Mother—One day I fell into the water and he jumped in and fetched me out."

Johnnie—"H'm; that's funny. He won't let me learn to swim."

One night while in an intoxicated condition, an Irishman walking through a graveyard, fell into an open grave. The next morning a man was passing by the graveyard, when he heard the Irishman say: "Begorra, it must be resurrection morning and I'm the first fellow up."

Mother; (lecturing son)—Never do anything that you would not want the whole world to see you do and—(boy gives whoop), why what's the matter, are you crazy?"

Boy; (gleefully)—"I'm so glad I wont have to take any more baths."

"TIM" SAYS

"ADMIRAL HOPKINS"

IS CERTAINLY THE BEST CIGAR IN THE WORLD.

Shelley's Chocolates

Do you cherish quality?

Have you tried them?

Our factory being located in this city, all local dealers buy often and keep them fresh.

MYTHOLOGY.

Teacher—What is Ceres the goddess of?

Effie—Series, ma'am, is the goddess of continued stories!

Wife—"Wake up, John, I'm sure a burglar is down in the pantry, and he's eating all my pies."

Husband—"Well, I don't care, so long as he don't die in the house."

Teacher—"Is there any connecting link between the animal and vegetable kingdom?"

Pupil—"Yes ma'am; there's hash."

Darrow's Shoe Store

Is the Place to Buy Your Shoes.
Leaders in Low Prices.

No Shoe Over $3.00
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Graduates with the Highest Average "Always."

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WE MAKE A SPECIALTY OF

CEMENT	*Walks,*	
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A DEFINITION.

A Christian is a man who feels
Repentance on a Sunday
For what he has done on Saturday,
And is going to do on Monday.

Kit—You say you dote on old china?
Kat—Yes, I'm a connoiseur.
Around at my house you can get all you want for a mere song.

Jack—Congratulate me, old man!
Tom—What's up? Are you engaged?
No; Miss Roxleigh refused me the day before her father made an assignment.—*Chicago News.*

Matron—Geraldine do you want to take the course in current events this term?
Geraldine—Certainly not. I had that two years ago.

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The New Toric Lenses.

The Invisible Double Lenses.

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OVER BLYMYER'S STOVE STORE. BOTH PHONES.

A NEAT REPLY.

A college professor, who last year spent his vacation on a farm, wrote this year to the farmer saying. "There are several little matters I desire changed should I decide to spend my holidays at your house. We don't like the maid Mary; moreover we do not think a pig-pen so near the house is sanitary."

The farmer replied. "Mary is went and we ain't had no hogs since you went away last August."

Mrs. Hunnimune–"You nasty tramp! How dare you eat that lemon pie I set out to cool?"

Tired Timothy—"Well it did take nerve ma'am; but a starvin' man can't be very particular about what he eats."

Little Clara was taking dinner with her mother at a neighbor's house, and her hostess in an attempt to be entertaining, asked her if she liked kittens. The little girl shocked those gathered at the table by looking suspiciously at the chicken pie and exclaiming, "I'd rather have cake!"

Little Dorothy, on seeing fly nets—"Dear me, that horse is wearing holes tied together with shoestrings."

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Attorneys-at-Law,

MANSFIELD, - - OHIO.



Howenstine's
for
Jewelry.

Why isn't the moon rich?
It spends all its quarters getting full.

A young man was courting a certain damsel and proposed to her by letter He added a "P. S.—Please let me have your answer by return post, as I have somebody else in my eye."

A fly and a flee in a flue,
Were imprisoned, so what could they do?
Said the fly, "Let us flee."
Said the flee, "Let us fly."
So they flew through a flaw in the flue.

"I suppose," remarked the dear girl "that you do not believe in love at first sight?"

"Oh, yes, I do," rejoined the old bachelor, "If men were gifted with second sight they would never fall in love."